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YOUTHFUL DAYS

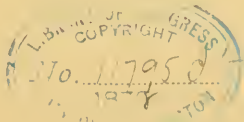
—AND—

OTHER POEMS

BY

R. B. McEACHERN.

35



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1878.

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DEDICATION.

I have written this book with a view to impart
Consolation to those of a sorrowful mind ;
To the broken in spirit, the troubled of heart,
To the widow, the orphan, the poor and the blind ;
And if what is recorded should meet with success
In accomplishing half it purposes to do,
Be the good of the author, for greater or less,
In proportion to that which is faithful and true.

There are many who read for the sake of the rhyme,
Without ever reflecting on what they peruse ;
For the poorest among us have valuable time,
Which they wisely improve, or in idleness lose :
But the sum of the matter is easily told,
And the proof is sufficient in every respect :
We are selling ourselves for the silver and gold
Of this world, while our duty to God we neglect.

And to what shall the profits of all we amass,
Be directed when death has demanded its own ;
For the glitter of wealth cannot purchase a pass,
Through the portals of death, to a crown and a throne.
We shall reap without fear—if we sow as we should,
And have faith in the riches of grace to preserve
All our labor ; for God is infinitely good,
And will judge us according to what we deserve.



Youthful Days.

PART I.

Is this the sacred spot, and this the tree [free,
Beneath whose spreading boughs while young and
I have so oft in summer days reclined,
To weigh the future, vague and undefined—
With many playmates and companions dear,
Who knew not danger, nor the dread of fear?
Yes, memory echos, that in former days,
These woods resounded with our childish plays;
But some are absent who deserve a sigh—
“*Memento Mori* ;” for we all must die.

Dear Henry Brown, the widow's generous son,
Whose sands of life seemed prematurely run ;
And Wiley Jones, that honest hearted youth,
Appreciated for his love of truth.
Sweet Mollie Bonner, too, our pride and pet,
Who passed from earth and left us to regret,
That one so amiable should die so young ;
But many a heart has been by anguish wrung.
And many a mother since that time has given
Her precious darling to the care of Heaven.

Oh, what is life—that we should wish to cling,
Where death is ruling over everything !
Say, gentle memory, can'st thou here recall
The little mound and pleasant waterfall,
The shady grove, made sacred by our lays,
The playmate "Wis," companion of my days,
The voice of Julia, tenderly endeared,
And warbling Nemo, none the less revered,
The clustering vines that hung above the spring ;
And then the tree, where Cattie used to swing.

These arms have oft embraced yon mountain pine,
Around whose trunk still clings the wedded vine—
As if disdaining to be torn away—
But evergreens must moulder and decay.
The forest trees, that stood so proudly 'round
The old log court house on the public ground,
Have been removed ; and few are left to tell
Where sunk the bucket of the townsman's well.
The Leonard grove has also felt the stroke,
And houses stand where General Houston spoke.

The tan yard spring, that sweet resort of old,
Where multitudes assembled to behold
Miss Lizzie Moore, who gave amid applause
The ladies' banner to the Temperance cause,
Has been neglected ; and the rustic bench,
That stood upon the hill above the trench,
No longer forms a table for the mass ;
But gray-haired citizens, who chance to pass
Along that way, point out the little wood,
And show the spot on which the speaker stood.

The "Pine log wash hole," near the Wiggins field,
Where Jackson's type box floated half concealed,
Is filled with sand ; and Lang has ceased to chide

The mischief-makers for their merry ride.
No more beside the murmuring brook we roam,
Romantic as the forest child at home,
No longer on the grassy plat we stand
Or roll each other in the heated sand ;
For life, like morning, merges into noon,
And time will bring the evening on too soon.

Those happy hours have long since passed away,
Each little flower has crumbled into clay,
Yet 'round the spot as fades the brilliant bloom,
Its little seed shall seek an early tomb,
And lie protected by its mother Earth,
'Till waked by sunbeams to a second birth.
Thus when I pause to contemplate the scene
Where Marietta, Matt and Rinie Green
With Ann and Cora played in days of your,
I wish our childhood could return once more.

Ye, who are standing on the very verge
Of man's estate, be thoughtful ere you urge
Your childish claims upon society ;
For there is nothing that appears to be
More out of place, than when a youth declares
His self-importance to maturer years.
A tree transplanted from its native soil,
Will not always repay us for our toil.
Improve your minds, let better judgment rule,
Economize—and send yourselves to school.

Oh, there are jewels which we treasure up
Within our memories, like the silver cup
That Joseph to his younger brother gave,
But far more precious: for beyond the grave,
We have a glorious heritage with God,
And while our forms repose beneath the sod
Our disembodied spirits shall ascend

To Him, who gave them ; O ! our Heavenly Friend
Be merciful—there we shall meet again
And sing our childhood in a loftier strain.

Yes, William Givens, let us try to be
Prepared to meet them in eternity ;
For youthful days, however dear they seem,
Are but the shadows of a flitting dream.
Adieu my cousins John B., Joe and Belle—
Long may your hearts with joyous mem'ries swell ;
Long may the flowers of youth with dewy lips
Kiss off old age, and laughingly eclipse
Whatever change the future may disclose,
And by each thorn of sorrow plant a rose.

I love the memory of those pleasant hours,
When Sallie Woolfolk used to bring me flowers,
And place them in my hands so tenderly,
And tell of how she sympathized with me,
Because I could not look upon them there,
Or see their colors, varied, rich and rare.
That patient one has felt the cold embrace
Of silent death ; and tho' her youthful face
Shall come no more to smile on those she knew,
This tribute to her faithfulness is due.

The little school house, north of east from town,
Has been removed, the oaks are all cut down,
And there is not a vestige left to show
Where Guinn presided many years ago.
His pupils have been scattered far and wide,
And some of them in different states reside.
He taught them how to love their books, and said—
"The living fill the places of the dead,
And when your fathers bid this world adieu
The Church and State must be sustained by you."

Society is only kept alive,
Where virtue and religious freedom thrive;
And should these liberties be snatched away,
Our nation's brightest hopes would then decay.
If in the nursery we are not controlled,
'Tis useless for our names to be enrolled
Upon a list with those who value books,
More highly for their learning than their looks.
Our first impressions form the pattern plan,
A useful boy will make a useful man.

The wolf of poverty is near our doors,
Howling for bread, and scant are all our stores;
For labor's dying. Oh, how shall we bear
The grief of others, and our own despair
Without a murmer, when we look around
And see so many cumberers of the ground
Living at ease—the gayest of the gay,
Heaping up debts they never mean to pay,
Watching to see what other people do,
And like Micawber—waiting something new.

Their expectations are so far ahead,
That those who labor, feel a natural dread
Of hearing them discuss the golden plan—
By which each one's to be a wealthy man.
Yes, is to be; but when is it to be?
The answer needs no echo: all agree,
And will the truth of these remarks allow;
Too many feet are running from the plow—
Too many eyes are looking for the shade,
Too many men grow up without a trade.

Too many towns and cities of the South,
Are filled with those who live from hand to mouth
And still we strive to emulate their deeds,

By leaving fertile fields to grass and weeds,
Can these spontaneous tenants pay their rents,
Or do we show a want of common sense,
By gloving up our hands and sitting down
To make small wages in a country town,
Or flying to the cities for relief,
Where tempted thousands yearly come to grief?

Oh! happy farmer, freest of the free—
Peace and contentment ever dwell with thee.
Hast thou a son? Bid him remain at home;
For there are pits prepared for those who roam,
And they are covered o'er so nice and well,
That none expect to find a gambler's hell
Beneath the sign that reads "Come up, grow rich,"
Till cards and whisky drag them in the ditch,
And leave them there to ponder o'er their loss—
Dead to the world and given to remorse.

So ends the vagrant, who was once a child,
With loving eyes as innocent and mild
As those we see around us every day.
God help our young men, when they go astray;
And help us all, for all of us have need—
The one who writes, as well as those who read.
Teach us to walk along the narrow path—
That leads us to a shelter from Thy wrath;
And when the sands of temporal life are run,
Receive us through the merits of Thy Son.

We are unworthy of the boon we crave;
But souls are never buried in the grave,
For they are all immortal—and we know
That each must live for happiness, or woe.
'Tis plainly taught by all of nature's laws,
And their existence proves a primal cause;

And from that cause we argue there must be
A Living Ruler in Eternity ;
For out of chance such order cannot spring :
There is a God—an everlasting King.

But see how many changes have been made,
Since Vick and Dan as other children played,
Or George and Mary paddled in the spring,
Or little Bettie learned to sweetly sing.
She listened to the birds and caught their lays
And smiling lips shall speak her future praise ;
But, hark ! what other voice is that I hear,
So grateful and familiar to my ear ?
Another hand is on the sounding strings,
And Rusk is glad while Mary Armstrong sings.

In music there is something so divine,
That when we linger near its sacred shrine,
Our human hearts are filled with pure desires ;
We long to be with angels, hear their choirs ;
And recognize the voices we have known
Upon the earth—around the Father's Throne.
A few more years of watchfulness and care,
A few more years of sorrow and despair,
A few more days, perhaps a few more hours,
And God will come and gather up His flowers.

O, happy childhood let thy sunny field,
A richer harvest to my fancy yield ;
For memory has been wandering o'er and o'er,
The gloomiest pictures in its golden store,
And now 'tis time to make a little change,
And give the theme a more extended range.
Call back the boys and let me hear them say
We're going to fight the *Bumble* bees to-day ;

Put on your hat and throw away your shoes—
Come on—make haste—we have no time to lose.

The voice of Joe was loud in its request,
And as we charged on the infernal nest,
We heard the vicious humming of their wings
And felt the freedom of their furious stings.
The onset was conducted by us all,
But now and then we heard an urchin squall,
Till one by one with rapid feet conveyed
His suffering body from the painful raid.
And since that time it makes me ill at ease
To hear the children talk of *Bumble Bees*.

When Rusk was young we had a camping ground,
With logs for seats, and straw was scattered 'round,
To keep our feet from stirring up the dust,
And save our Sunday clothing from the rust.
The people came from every neighborhood,
And mischief-makers mingled with the good.
Some stood aloof, or loitered in and out
To loose a horse, or hear a convert shout,
While others bowed themselves in humble prayer,
And sought and found the Lord of Glory there.

In those bright days when Rusk was in the woods,
And T. L. Philleo was selling goods,
When B. D. Hendricks on the fiddle played,
And Allen Cameron danced with Dr. Wade,
When Long was lively as the other boys,
And Asa Dassetts joined their social joys,
The people were united, and they strove
To make each other happy by their love.
Oh! may this lesson that the past imparts
Receive the sanction of our grateful hearts.

We had a paper called the "Pioneer,"
And thus it read: "Before another year
The locomotive and the cars will be
Upon the soil of good, old Cherokee;"
And men began with energy to build,
And hoped to see the prophecy fulfilled.
But when the time appointed passed away,
It brought no train, and since that fatal day,
The iron horse has switched his fiery tail,
And passed through Rusk—"A riding on a rail."

The public spirit of a people dies
Form want of energy and enterprise,
And if we sit with folded hands and wait,
For time, or chance to bring us something great,
'Tis useless for us ever to expect,
Improvement while we foster such neglect.
Throw off the yoke, and stand in the advance,
The interest of your children to enhance,
For filial love is worth a mint of gold,
And they will care for you when you are old.

Oh! there are hearts whose constancy has won
A reputation like the rising sun;
And in our sadness, when we feel them twine
Their loving tendrils 'round us, as a vine—
It gives us courage to renew our strife
With poverty, and lead a better life.
'Those who have suffered most are always best
Prepared to cheer, and comfort the distressed;
And in the darkest hour of human grief
The saddest heart may find a sweet relief.

Farewell, companions of my youthful days,
And if you find within these humble lays,

Some words of consolation—I shall feel
Rewarded for the comfort they reveal.
The God of memory is the God of mind,
And He has promised to protect the blind.
I thank you now for all that you have done,
And when the restless race of life is run,
I hope to meet each little girl and boy
Of happy childhood in Eternal Joy.

PART II.

AUSTIN.

Away, where solitude retires to rest,
Upon the broad prairies of the West ;
Where passing clouds, with shadowy wings o'ercrest
Bring back the sweet remembrance of the past,
A southern city, from an emerald vase
Of rank, wild rye, lifts up its sunny face,
And this is Austin. Take a casual view
Of College Hill and Congress Avenue.
Few public buildings lift their lofty domes
Above more happy, hospitable homes.

I've stood upon the summit of Bonnell,
And heard the Colorado's waters swell
And roar beneath my feet, until the sun
Went down behind the hill-clad horizon,
While toward the south, under a twilight sky,
The city slept in sombre majesty.
The sea-breeze nestled in the live oak grove,

The cedars waved the rocky cliffs above,
The rising moon unveiled her silver crest
And scattered pearls upon the river's breast.

Go up at sunrise, when the vapors throw
Their purple mantles o'er the vale below ;
Go up at noonday, when the sky, serene,
Adds radiant lustre to the beautiful scene ;
Go up at evening, when the shadows fall
In dewy stillness, like a funeral pall,
Upon the train of the departing day,
And as you gaze upon each fading ray,
Remember, with humility, the strife
Of man's existence, and the end of life.

Above the Capitol, and sad to tell,
The lunatics in their asylum dwell.
Their stately building crowns a flowery plain,
But there is sadness in a clanking chain,
And when a man of reason is bereft,
And nothing but his desolation left,
It is a grief that beggars words to tell —
Calamity, without a parallel.
O, tender mercy, breathe thy healing breath
On such affliction—in the hour of death.

Beyond the river, in a verdant vale,
That feeds with fragrance every passing gale,
When April pours her most refreshing showers,
And sunshine slumbers in a lap of flowers,
The deaf and dumb are learning to define
Each inward feeling by an outward sign.
Their tongues are silent, but their fingers move
The rapid current of their thoughts to prove.
Blest are their ears, for they have never heard
A bitter oath, or any unkind word.

The Colorado spreads its shining sheet
Of crystal waters at the city's feet ;
And, Oh, at night 'tis beautiful to trace,
The captured gleams that sleep in the embrace
Of that pure stream, descending from afar—
For every wavelet holds a trembling star ;
And all the rocks and trees its banks along,
Repeat the chorus of its ceaseless song.
Sad are the blind : the hearing of their ears
So often fills their sightless eyes with tears

Behold yon bird, whose gently waving wings
Are keeping time to every note he sings ;
You recognize him by the aid of sight ;
I only know him by his sounding flight :
You look upon him as he moves in space ;
I feel his cold dark shadow on my face.
But He who formed the plumage of the bird,
And tuned its voice, has left His written word,
To comfort those who mourn their temporal loss,
And teach the christian how to bear the cross.

Towards the East, upon another plot
Of rising ground, the sweet-forget-me-not,
And many other tender emblems prove
The grateful memory and surviving love
Of Austin for each dear, departed one,
And at the rising of the morning's sun,
A thousand dew-drops melting into spray,
Proclaim the presence of another day,
While near at hand, upon a neighboring green,
The Institution for the blind is seen.

Say, Dr. Baker, man of noble mind,
Are not your sympathies still with the blind ?
Oft have we met together at the place

Of family worship, kneeling face to face,
Oft have I heard thy voice upon the air,
Melting in accents of devoted prayer,
"That those who were secluded from the light
Might become useful, though deprived of sight;
Might bear in peace misfortune's chastening rod
And be subservient to the will of God."

Nor none the less revered our matron kind,
That sweet, maternal guardian of the blind,
"Wafted by breezes" from yon distant shore,
The land of Phillip and the home of Moore.
And thou, with generosity supreme,
The tutor of my first and childish dream :
Yes, William Otis, years have passed away,
But thy true friendship never can decay.
With scenes like these 'tis pleasant to recall
The sweet guitar and songs of Bur. Duvall.

Oft, listening to the Choir's harmonious flow,
I've heard with pride the bass that joined below,
And recognized amid its harmony,
The well trained voice of Colonel Thomas B :
"O, come and let us sing unto the Lord,
And heartily rejoice with one accord ;
Let us with thanks before His presence show,
Our gratitude His righteous will to know."
And still they meet to worship as of yore,
But some are absent to return no more.

I love the Bible. Every precious leaf
Contains some consolation for the grief,
Which, from my childhood I have tried to bear ;
And as I struggle with the dark despair,
That folds itself about me, like a shroud,
Or hangs above me, as a pendant cloud—

I hear familiar voices through the mist,
Shake hands, pass on, and manage to exist ;
For well I know this transitory gloom
Shall be exchanged for light, beyond the tomb.

When struggling passions in the human mind
Abate, they leave a rolling sea behind,
Yet raging storms subside and calms prevail,
And leave no wave to ruffle in the gale.
The harshest tone that mingles with the air,
May find its echo in a fervent prayer.
There is a star which guides the wondering feet,
Of way-worn pilgrims to the Mercy Seat,
There is a living language in the eye,
Which speaks of love and tender sympathy.

Time has elapsed and changes have been made
Since last I loitered, o'er that rocky glade,
Hand in hand with—But words cannot explain,
And I have loved thee Andrew, not in vain.
And thou who didst, with more than common joy,
Despel the sadness of a poor, blind boy
By reading books, his fancy to engage :
Yes, Morris Reagan, though it seems an age
Since by thy death our souls were forced to part,
Thou hast the memory of a grateful heart.

Thy lonely children, lovely little girls—
Their father's idols and their mother's pearls—
Are orphans now, but may the time ne'er come
When they shall sigh, because they have no home.
Oh ! what is life when all that love endears
Is taken from us in our early years,
And we are left with strangers to contend,
Without assistance, and without a friend ;

Without the means of doing what we would,
To sooth the sorrows of our brotherhood.

Dear Willie Bush has found a place of rest
Beside the Brazos, on the sunny breast
Of that fair hill, where Waco's dead repose ;
And there he'll sleep until the trumpet blows
To resurrect that pale and silent band
Whose graves have drank the tears of every land.
"No monument of stone now marks the place,"
Where death retains him in its cold embrace ;
One little tree is all that spreads its shade
Upon the spot of earth in which he's laid.

The Barton Springs, the picnic parties' pride—
Whose cooling waters many a lip has tried,
Would fill a volumn with the fairy tales
Of Austin's lovers, if its rocky vales
Could gather up their echoes and impart
The earnest words of every faithful heart.
But love is like a cloud upon the breast
Of gentle evening, and it sinks to rest,
Without a murmer, as the setting sun,
And sadness fills the vacancy it won.

Yes, Willie Gray, those happy days are gone ;
But when you wander o'er the grassy lawn,
At twilight, as we used to do of old,
And think how oft the city bells have tolled,
The sad departure of the many true,
And faithful friends, who walked with me and you :
When Jimmie's songs the summer nights beguiled,
And Bob was young, and Mary but a child,
I know your heart, like mine, is filled with pain,
Because those joys can never come again.

I love the Institution for the blind.
The pure devotion of its inmates kind
Is like the love of Heaven, and makes me feel
Contented with the cold and cloudy weal
Of my existence; and where'er I roam,
With all the fondness of a child from home,
I long once more to feel the warm embrace
Of those who never saw the human face,
And hear their voices, as they tell me o'er
The many changes since the days of yore.

No more along the river's banks we stray,
Or on the rocks, or 'mong the cedars play;
For time has tamed the buoyancy of youth,
And taught us all to realize the truth,
Of what we read in Bunyan, when we thought
The progress of his pilgrim over-wrought;
And now, the world a wilderness we find,
With here and there a friend to lead the blind.
But soon the gloom of this protracted night,
Shall merge into a morn of endless light.

What glorious scenes shall vision then unfold,
When we the stars of heaven do behold;
And wander o'er that universal field
Of boundless space, where grandeur unconcealed,
Displays the beauty of His holiness,
Who died to save a wicked world like this.
Oh! what is earth with all its fading trees,
Its crumbling rocks and ever changing seas,
Compared with that delightful, happy place,
Where we shall see the Savior's smiling face.

Ye cannot feast your eyes on objects here,—
But be contented: only persevere,

And when the fullness of the time has come
For God to call His sightless children home,—
Your vision, unobstructed, shall pervade
The Holy City which His hands have made:
And then perchance as fancy may incline,
Assisted by some messenger divine,
Revisit earth, and contemplate with pride,
What blindness to your former state denied.

Oh! Austin, Austin! let thy vacant chairs
Remind thee of their altars and thy prayers.
There is a name adapted to my strain,
Preserved in memory, nor preserved in vain,
Which, though unsung, shall still remembered be,
“As one who dwells in immortality.”

Oh! Thou, who didst protect my youthful days,
To whom I owe the tribute of all praise,
Through coming life extend Thy helping hand,
And teach me to observe Thy high command.

Adieu, dear Austin! May the sun ne'er shine
Upon the man who works for thy decline.
The Capitol of Texas, east and west,
To all our common interests suited best,
Bought with the blood of heroes, to contain
The precious archives of our vast domain,—
Thou standest proudly on thy hills of stone,
And all the people hail thee as their own.
Be thou a living monument to prove,
The grateful memory of a patriot's love.

PART III.

HOME AGAIN, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF FIVE YEARS.

Dear Rusk, the scene of many a social joy,
Delightful to the memory of a boy,
Once more I come thy citizens among,
To sing the song that years have left unsung ;
To touch, if possible, some tender chord
Of sympathy, or speak a soothing word ;
To mingle with their tears my own and feel,
As near my father's lonely grave I kneel,
How sad it is to loose a parent friend,
And with the cold, indifferent world contend.

Alas ! how little does our childhood know
Of those responsibilities which grow
With riper years. We all have had one grief.
Thank God for sympathy, it brings relief
To every class. It is the interlude
Between our sorrow and our gratitude ;
A heavenly impulse, kindredly allied
With meek humility against our pride ;
A going out in spirit to embrace
One half the sufferings of the human race.

Oh, Rusk, my soul with longing rapture thrills,
To contemplate the grandeur of thy hills,
Whose iron strength and interposing forms
Protect thy children from the passing storms,
For in our helplessness their strength remains ;
They grasp the lightning, hold the hurricanes,
And turn away, before their rocky shields,
The desolators of a hundred fields ;

They save the town, the vanquished clouds deploy,
And weep o'er what they threatened to destroy.

But hark ! I hear among the distant rocks,
The voice of hunters ; they have jumped the fox,
And now behold the simultaneous rush,
Of men and horses tangled in the brush.
They shout, they scramble, they are free again—
And now they dash away o'er hill and plain,
And just as day is dawning in the East,
Their anxious eyes on wild confusion feast.
Possession crowns the pleasure of the chase,
And all go home to talk about the race.

Mid scenes like these, Dear Tom, thy harp was strung,
And every cord is like the silver tongue
Of some sweet bird that sings the whole night long,
And keeps its silence melting into song.
The sunny fields through which we used to roam,
In happy childhood 'round the mountain home,
Together with the kind and watchful care,
Of those who made me always welcome there,
Have formed such links in "memory's mystic chain"
That only death can sever them in twain.

Oh ! what a consolation we derive,
From loving things, whose merits we revive
Within our breasts as jewels set apart,
To be the keepsakes of a manly heart.
We've known each other, Rusk, for many years,
And is it strange that memory thirsts for tears,
When, every Autumn spreads its leaves above
Some tender objects of our early love ?
Oh, no, it is not strange ! But who can say
What eyes shall weep when we are called away.

'Twill matter little then, for when the waves
Of death have closed above our peaceful graves ;
When strangers' feet these grassy lawns have prest,
Beneath whose turf our mortal bodies rest ;
When other hearts that love, as ours have done,
Have marked the rising and the setting sun
Of their existence on this temporal shore,
Till evening fades, and twilight is no more ;
Oh, may the star of Bethlehem arise,
Ts light us home, where pleasure never dies !

Weep not, and when the sacrifice is made
Although it leaves thee like a withered blade
Of grass among the green herbs of the field,
Thou'lt still have power and energy to wield,
The sceptre of humanity above
The wayward tenderness of worldly love.
A form of beauty is a thing of dust,
And when you see it fading, as you msut,
Remember that the visit of the soul
Is always left for reason to control.

Among the precious memories of the past,
I sing of none more worthy to be classed
With those I love as friends, than Alice Raines ;
And while my fancy weaves its golden chains
Of pure affection 'round the doors of yore,
I think of those upon the other shore,
Who passed from time into eternity,
To wait our coming, and I trust that we
Shall be accounted worthy to unite
With all our loved ones in that world of light.

Day after day with skillful hands we try,
The common wants of nature to supply ;

And when we find our labor has been blessed,
Desire increases, and we feel distressed
Because our neighbor drives a finer team,
And then we plunge into the restless stream
Of toiling thousands, willing to engage
In anything, to keep up with the age;
And thus it is that health and strength are lost
Before we learn to estimate the cost.

Oh, sweet contentment, I would rather be,
Deprived of riches than bereft of thee!
Thy presence is the sunshine of the heart—
Thy absence causes many a tear to start.
As some fair virgin, whose alluring glance
Fills the young soul with an ecstatic trance,
So to my childish vision first appeared
Thy real worth, and now thou art revered
With all the powers that first impressions prove,
And next to God, I hold thee in my love.

The friendship of this world is like a flower,
That needs attention almost every hour,
It grows spontaneous in a prosperous place,
And looks the loveliest in a silver vase;
It blooms in beauty 'round a palace door,
But dies among the hovels of the poor.
Its leaves are floating in the fatal cup
That social hell invites a man to sup;
And do not deem the picture over-wrought,
The friendship of the world is easy bought.

There is a feeling of a different kind,
That emanates from sources more refined,
And fills the heart and makes it overflow
With love akin to Heaven here below;

And this is friendship's never failing strength
That lives with man through all the weary length
Of his existence, whether bound or free,
The same in wealth, the same in poverty,
A pure perennial flower, whose fragrance throws
A thousand sweets into each cup of woes.

Yes, Mary Priest, this friendship when possessed
Will cause its owner to be doubly blessed.
Where loving hearts our tender thoughts engage,
It brightens youth and adds a charm to age.
"Familiar objects may be changed by time,"
But tenderness is never more sublime,
Than when it recognizes by degrees,
The dear, old homestead, and the stately trees
Whose leafy branches threw their shadows o'er
Our friends and sweethearts in the days of yore.

Unfading memories, youthful days of yore,
Oh! how I long to be a child once more,
And recognize amid the happy throng
Of singing girls, my little sister's song;
And hear the good advice my father tried
To give to all his children, ere he died.
He called the family at the hour of one,
And said: "My race on earth is nearly run."
And then he gave to each his parting hand,
And angels bore him to the spirit land.

Our sad, surviving mother bowed her head,
And wept in silence o'er our precious dead,
Till God in mercy, wiped away her tears;
And now I pray that her declining years
May be sustained; and when the time is ripe
To pass through death into eternal life,

Oh! may she have the faith to stem the tide
And meet her loved ones on the other side,
As Miriam when she saw her nation cross
The raging sea without a single loss.

Surge on, poor heart, and send the blood along
Through every vein, and make her body strong;
For one and sixty years have passed and gone,
And thou hast faithful been, but oh, surge on
A little longer, till I take my breath,
And fortify my soul to bear this death.
I know that it must soon, or later, be,
And then, Oh, mother who will care for me?
What eys shall brighten for thy sightless one,
Or who will love him when thy race is run?

There is a providence that will protect,
But often in our folly we reflect
Upon the wisdom of Almighty God;
And when He makes us feel His chastening rod
We murmur at the mercy He extends,
And shape His kindness to our selfish ends.
Oh! when the secrets of our thoughts shall lay
Before us on that Judgment Day,
What poor excuse shall then be given in
For this enormity of willful sin?

A potter has the power to form the clay,
And shape his vessel as his fancy may
Incline him in his daily task to do—
And so the Lord created me and you,
And if He gives to me a double share
Of light, and leaves the other in despair—
The world is but a footstool to His Throne,
And has He not the right to rule His own?

Oh, yes, and tamely I submit, because
He governs all things by His righteous laws.

In youthful days how many have been cast
Upon the world, to float without a mast ;
How many, poor, neglected and despised
Have been bereft, and started unadvised,
Without a helm, without a single sail,
Without a penny or a prosperous gale ;
And yet, the self-made man who weathers through
The howling storm, and sees the azure blue
Beyond the clouds, will live to find a land,
Where riches shall reward the toiling hand.

And thus it is with those who persevere
In doing well, and when their works appear
Before the great, inspecting Architect
Who built the universe, He'll not neglect
To render equal justice, and accord
To each a blessing, and a bright reward.
Then let us all so live, that when we come
To die and leave this transitory home,
Our aching heads upon the Savior's breast,
Shall feel the comfort of eternal rest.

There is a solace in the secret prayer,
That saves the broken-hearted from despair ;
And when we see our dearest idols cast
Like autumn leaves before the driving blast,
Although it costs us many a bitter pain,
Perhaps 'tis done to bring us back again ;
And cause our pure affections to embrace
The long extended but neglected Grace,
That God, in mercy, gives to those who prove
More worthy of His never dying love.

As helpless babes, we enter into life,
And ere we learn to struggle with the strife
That sin has brought upon this world of ours,
Our strength is gone; and like the many flowers
That bloom in beauty, on our pathway here,—
We sink into the grave and disappear;
But youthful days, by age and death subdued,
Shall have their joys in heaven all renewed,
And every loved one, who has gone before
Will meet us on that bright, immortal shore.

My little barque, though frail, upon life's sea
Has struggled fiercely for its liberty;
And when the world is worn by time and tide,
And generations living, shall have died,—
I trust, Dear Comrades, that we all shall be
With holy angels in eternity.
Farewell! It makes me sad to write the word,
But while on earth my humble prayers are heard,
I'll bless my friends and not forget to praise
The God and Guardian of my youthful days.

And must I leave this happy, happy state
Of youthful joy, to share the common fate
Of millions, who are buffetting the waves,
That roll between their cradles and their graves?
Must I exchange this freedom I enjoy,
And be no more regarded as a boy?
Oh, fearful thought! Upon the very brink
Of early manhood, yet I dare not shrink,
For time propels the flight of coming years,
And life is mine, with all its hopes and fears.

Not mine to keep, but only to improve,
And whether ruled by hatred or by love,

The great responsibility must rest
With me alone ; for God has not expressed
His willingness to render any aid,
To those who fold their hands and feel afraid.
So I am not to hold myself exempt.
No, I would rather die in the attempt,
And have my name enrolled among the dead,
Than not to serve my God and earn my bread.

The first, I own, has been neglected most,
But should he come and find me at my post,
The sentinel will never be discharged,
Without his sphere of happiness enlarged.
Once more, farewell ! It sadly grieves my heart
To write these closing lines, but we must part.
My youthful day is fading in the west,
My soul is weary, and I sigh for rest.
The song hath ceased, and twilight hovers o'er
The harp, whose silence I shall wake no more.

City of the Great High Priest.

A MASONIC POEM DEDICATED TO C. A. MILLER, RUSK, TEXAS.

"And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain and shewed me that great city the Holy Jernsalem, descending out of Heaven from God."—REV. xxi. 10.

I was standing alone on the beautiful side [pride
Of a mountain whose summit was crowned with the
Of an architect-king, and I looked and behold,
Every gate was a pearl upon hinges of gold ;
And they opened to some, while on others they shut,
And the former had joy and the latter regret.
Then I asked of the keeper who stood by my side,
Why it was that so many were entrance denied ?
And he said in a voice which my fancy approved,
That the "Land marks of Fathers are never removed."

"As that arch," he continued, "receives its support
From those columns that stand in the front of the
So the heart that is willing, by helping to bear [court;
The misfortunes of others, may lighten their care ;
But the mind of a man, as the surface of stone,
Must be polished before it is properly shown.
By the aid of your language your thoughts you convey,
But as language is change, and as nations decay,
We have symbols and signs, which are true to their
As the spirit to God, or the body to dust. [trust,

"In you valley below there are many who wait
For the sign of admission to enter this gate;
But the test is a hard one, and men are dismayed
When they know that their merits have first to be
weighed.

Though the eye of the morning is brightest in June,
And the stars are eclipsed by its radiant noon,
There are shadows that follow the evening's decline,
And the pass word is holy, to portals divine!
If you're pleased with the vision, and would be a guest
At the feast of the Master, 'look well to the West.'"

"I am pleased with the vision, but tell me, I pray,
What is taught by the morning and evening of day?
For the former revisits the earth with its light,
And the latter is lost in the gloom of the night."

"O, you cannot," he said, "with your vision obscure,
Understand what is taught, but your life may be pure,
And the precepts of those, who before you have gone,
As the beautiful flowers from the turf of the lawn,
May be land marks to guide you wherever you roam,
Till you meet with the Craft in their Heavenly Home."

Blindness.

Affectionately dedicated to Miss Laura Trimble, of Rusk, Texas. This poem was suggested by hearing her describe the beauties of nature, in a conversation upon the subject of Astronomy.

It is not for the flowers, nor the rippling of rills
With their sparkling of water so bright,
Nor the picturesque scenes of the beautiful hills,
That I weep for the loss of my sight;
For the foliage falls from the boughs of the trees,
And the flowers in their tenderness die,
And their fragrance is lost on the echoing breeze,
As the language of love—in a sigh.

It is not for the smiles of the festival halls,
Where the songs of the mirthful resound;
Nor the ivy that clings to those desolate walls,
Where traditions and fables abound;
For the festival halls shall be dim with dismay,
And the songs of the mirthful—be lower;
And the ivy shall wither and perish away,
And its place be remembered no more.

But you talk of the stars and the heavens above,
And the beauties of nature and light;
And you speak of sweet faces all radiant with love,
And I sigh from the loss of my sight;
For the eye is the soul, and the soul is the eye,
With expression too deep to compare;
And, O God, when the end of existence is nigh,
Let thy comforting presence be there.

Let Thy will upon earth, as in Heaven, be done,
Though Thy ways I may not comprehend,
There are many that gaze on the beautiful sun,
Who have never been blessed with a friend.
If I pass through the world without looking on those,
Who have led me along its dark sod,
Let me rise out of death, as from gentle repose,
To behold them as angels of God.

I am nursing a grief that is hard to control,
A misfortune that is heavy to bear,
An affliction that lies like a weight on my soul,
But I cannot—I will not despair;
For there's something within me, that tells me I must
Be contented with what I receive,
And I know the award of a glorious trust,
Shall be given to those who believe.

I am blind, but my blindness a blessing may prove;
I am sad, but my sorrow shall cease
In the presence of God, by the power of His love,
And my journey be ended in peace.
As Bartemius of old, I am trying to grope
Through the crowd that is passing me by,
To the Offspring of David, the Star of my hope,
And the light of my soul and my eye.

If I meet with a few in my pilgrimage here,
Who are naturally cold and unkind,
I shall pity the hand that can boast of a tear,
It has wrung from the eyes of the blind.
While the rain and the dew are permitted to fall,
And the rays of the sun to descend,
May the mercy of God be sufficient, for all
Who gratefully call Him their friend.

He Will Never Come Home Any More.

This poem was occasioned by the death of our dear brother, who was accidentally shot in the city of Jefferson, Texas, on the 21st of May, 1874. My younger brother and I only arrived in time to attend the funeral, and when we returned to Rusk, his mother in speaking of him said: "He will never come home any more."

He will never come home to our hearth any more,
But we know that he stands on the opposite shore,
In the light of the love that the gospel has shed
O'er the sanctified grave of our beautiful dead;
And we feel in our hearts, as they only can do,
Who have suffered the loss of the noble and true;
But we trust that when time shall have lightened our
That the future will bring us a brighter relief. [grief,

We are trying to hope, while the hearse and the pall
Are waiting alike for the great and the small;
For the parting of friends and the breaking of ties,
And the folding of hands and the closing of eyes,
Are the scenes that inheritance claims as its due;
And we know that the death of our brother is true.
May the sorrow that darkens his hapless home,
Be exchanged for a crown in the life that's to come.

We are trying to pray, at the foot of the Cross,
For the blessing of comfort in all of our loss,
And the One who is hearing our penitent prayer,
Will remember His children wherever they are;

In the morning of life they shall lean on His arm,
In the noon of the day He shall keep them from harm,
And when evening appears with its shroud of the sod,
They shall pass, by the way of Mount Calv'ry, to God.

We have given up all but the image of him,
Who was called, by his mother, "My dear little Jim."
Out of nine of the links, only four now remain,
But in Heaven we'll see them united again ;
For the chain is not broken, so recently cleft,
And the angels will gather the fragments that's left,
And the shards which are scattered all shining shall
To unite with our bliss in that glorious home. [come,

We are trying to bear it, but God only knows
How the current of life is so frequently froze,
For the ice of the grave on our hearts has been laid,
And we shrink from the sound of the shovel and spade,
As a bird that is wounded on seeing the rude
And unpitying fowler who scatters her brood ;
But we know that in Heanen's eternal domain,
All the weary shall rest from their labor and pain.

Farewell to 'Tyler'.

Farewell, farewell, ye Tyler girls,
Farewell, ye pure and precious pearls ;
Farewell, and when the evening throws
A twilight shadow on the rose,
That, blushing, laves itself in dew
Beneath the stars, I'll think of you.

The Providence that guides me on,
Will be to you when I am gone,
A faithful and protecting friend ;
And when my fervent prayers ascend,
For Blessings on my Choir and Band,
I'll think of you and J. T. Hand.

Some advocates become our foes ;
But there is not a leaf that grows
Upon a tree, that will compare
With one precisely like it there.
Thus, while in common men agree,
They differ in their constancy.

On Sabbath morning, when you meet
To mingle all your voices sweet,
Though strangers fill the vacancy,
That once was occupied by me,
They cannot prove themselves more true
Than I shall ever be to you.

And when the opening hymn is sung,
And music with its silver tongue,
Has softened every loving heart,
O, breathe a silent prayer apart
For one whose voice, in former days,
With yours was heard in songs of praise.

At midnight, when the bands parade,
And all go forth to serenade,
Remember that the stars above,
Are shining down on those you love,
And with a heart-warm sympathy
That knows no change, oh think of me !

How long shall this protracted pain,
Of parting with my friends, remain.
Perhaps I sigh for some who feel
But little interest in my weal ;
For prejudice will pick its flaws,
And persecution owns no laws.

On Sabbath evenings, when they ring
The Baptist bell, for those who sing,
To come and take their places there,
And Laura fills the organ chair,
Oh, think of him whose heart is sore,
Because he meets with them no more.

When Lucy died, we mourned her loss ;
But she is gone to bear the Cross
Before us to that sunny shore,
Where thousands dwell, and thousands more,
Are marching on with hymn and palm,
To sing with Moses and the Lamb.

And will we ever hear that song,
Or shall we mingle with that throng,
Who through their tribulation came,
And entered Heaven in Jesus' name?
Ah! yes, till death life's banner furls,
There's room; God bless the Tyler girls.

The morning hour of life is bright,
But evening merges into night;
And as we view the setting sun,
That emblem of the race we run,
Who knows but what a sorrow past,
May brighten—"seen through tears at last."

Ye, who have stood, with streaming eyes,
And listened to the piteous cries
Of loving hearts by anguish torn,
And bleeding, know what 'tis to mourn.
The grave may boast of temporal gloom,
But living sorrow—has no tomb.

It goes with us where ere we go,
And follows like a fearless foe
In hot pursuit, with deadly blight,
And never leaves us, day or night.
Oh, what reward shall they receive,
Who cause the innocent to grieve.

Farewell, ye Tyler girls, farewell;
And when in after years ye tell
Of Charnwood, and the friends ye knew
To be so faithful and so true,
These lines may tenderly recall
Some memory that is dear to all.

Ballad of Love.

'Tis a cloudless night,
And the stars are bright,
Fixed in their orbs above ;
And my soul is sad,
Yet the thought is glad
That turns to thee, my love.

In the fragrant breeze
From among the trees,
I hear thy gentle tone ;
And my soul is sad,
Yet the thought is glad
That turns to thee alone.

When the future seems
As the course of streams
That wind through sylvan dales ;
Oh, believe the power
Of this holy hour,
For true love never fails !

Speak a gentle word
To the passing bird,
Whose song must soon depart ;
For its wings of gold
May in future fold
More tamely round thy heart.

As Fell the Tree.

As fell the tree—so fell the fair ;
And each had life in every vein ;
One groaned, and died without a prayer,
The other—hoped to live again.

The body of the tree decayed
Upon the spot on which it fell ;
The body of my friend was laid
Beneath the lillies of the dell.

'Tis sad to leave the warm embrace
Of sunny life for sombre gloom ;
And sad to see thy resting place,
Dear, youthful tenant of the tomb.

But 'round the sweet, surviving past,
Some links of mem'ry shall remain
Till we, on earth, have breathed our last,
And love is lost in death's domain.

We know that thou hast left the scenes
Of sickness and mortality,
But saving grace may be the means
Of bringing many friends to thee.

Alas ! 'tis useless to conceal
The anguish of our mortal strife ;
For death is wedded to the weal
Of all who breathe the breath of life !

The rich, the poor, the proud, the great,
And all who live beneath the sky,
Must share alike the common fate,
And when they least expect it—die.

But there is still a blessing left
To comfort those who mourn their loss ;
And when our hearts have been bereft,
It brings us nearer to the Cross.

Oh, what a glorious gift is grace !
Oh, what a treasure from above ;
It leaves its brightness on the face,
And fills the soul with heav'nly love.

'Tis as the clouds that went before
The Pilgrims in the Wilderness ;
'Twill lead us on from shore to shore,
And bring us all to perfect bliss.

Then let us patiently resign
Our transient hopes when death appears ;
And on the Savior's breast recline,
Till God has wiped away our tears.

In the Day-Spring of Life.

In the day-spring of life, when our spirits are glad,
And the myrtle and vine are with foliage clad ;
When the juvenile age of the summer is true,
And the wings of the morning are dripping with dew,
Then the face of all nature looks lovely and mild,
As a star to the eye, or a world undefiled.
By the rivers, the lillies and violets grow,
And the flight of the sun is resplendently seen
On the tops of the mountains – all covered with snow,
While the foot hills are crowned with a beautiful green.

In the day-spring of life, when the breezes are filled
With the fragrance of flowers, and the butterflies build
In the jessamine blossoms that open in May,
And the delicate humming bird twitters its lay,
Then the friendship we cherish is free'st from guile ;
And the words which we speak are repaid with a smile.
Look at nature by night, when the moonbeams descend
And the brilliant phenomenon brightens the sky ;
And the river and ocean in harmony blend,
And you feel that the music of Heaven is nigh.

In the summer of life, when the days of the year
Are replete with old age, and the autumn is near,
When the leaves of the forest are browned with decay,
And the faces, familiar, are passing away ;
Then the sickle of death, in the harvest must mow,
And the fast fading embers of life cease to glow.
In the valley of death, where the shadowy wave,

And the gloomy pavilions of darkness are spread,
Many hands we have pressed, are consigned to the
grave; [dead.
And we know in our hearts, that the loved ones are

In the sunset of life, when the soul is reprieved,
With its talents improved, and its vict'ries achieved;
When the Great God of nature looks down from above,
And the angels in Heaven are singing of love; [ed,
Then, the spirits redeemed, shall with glory be crown-
Where the deep hallelujahs of nations resound.
Oh! ye dark, boundless seas, that encircle the throne,
And ye deep and vast preludes of nature sublime;
When the last feeble impulse of life shall have flown,
May our spirits inherit that immortal clime.

Apostrophe to Music.

O! music, sweet, harmonious sound,
Offspring of purest love divine,
Thy cadence makes the heart rebound,
And causes banished hope to shine.

Thy tone is sacred to the ear,
And pleasant on the moonlit wave;
We greet thy cadence with a tear.
When slowly marching to the grave.

Harmonious sound, seraphic tone,
Endow me with celestial powers;

For oft I seek thee, when alone,
To charm my solitary hours.

Thy sweet existence is so brief,
That I can scarcely recognize
The melody that soothes my grief,
Before its plaintive echo dies.

Thus life, like music, is a breath ;
For when its sad, sad song is sung,
The last dear words are lost in death,
And every chord is left unstrung.

But who, oh ! who would be deprived
Of music for a single hour ;
We know the gift has been derived
From Heaven, and we own its power.

I often think, when I am sad,
That I would like to sing away
My earthly sorrow—and be glad,
And cheerf'ly mingle with the gay.

But when I listen to the train
Of idle words I sometimes hear,
I call my sadness back again
And feel contented with my sphere.

My Harp and Heart.

When this poor harp and heart of mine
Have yielded up their trust,
And friends assemble to consign
My body to the dust,
If there is any thing I crave,
Beyond my present plight,
It is to fill an honest grave,
And keep my record bright.

Why should I fret my life away
O'er what I can't prevent,
Since all sufficient to the day
My sorrow may be sent?
He who controls the birds that move
Above me in their flight,
Has promised, if I faithful prove,
To keep my record bright.

And though I wear upon my face
The marks of recent tears,
The frost of death shall leave no trace
On what my soul revere.
Then let me labor to acquire
A knowledge of the right;
And cultivate a pure desire
To keep my record bright.

If I have wronged my fellow-man,
I know his injured cause
Shall have a hearing, when my plan
Of life is full of flaws.
The ruined can't support the wrecked,
No more than day and night
Can their vicissitudes neglect :
Lord, keep my record bright.

What are the motives which impel
The atheist to shun
The cemetery in the dell—
Before his day is done?
The world's philosophy can shed
No light upon the tomb,
And when the infidel is dead,
His life is lost in gloom.

How differently the christian dies—
Too confident to weep,
With Heaven in his radiant eyes,
He gently falls asleep.
In faith, upon the Savior's breast
He lays his weary head,
And, like a pilgrim, takes his rest,
And then we call him dead.

But when these tenements of ours
Have crumbled into clay,
Our spirits, like perennial flowers,
Shall bloom in endless day.
Oh ! let us strive to emulate
Each good example given,
And meet around the Golden Gate
Of Paradise, in Heaven.

Bid Me Good-Night.

Beautiful dark eyed girl of Marshall,
Singing so sweetly all the day,
Can it be true, that you are partial,
Partial to one that's far away ?
Listen to me, my dark eyed treasure,
Singing beneath thy cottage eave,
Tell me the song affords thee pleasure,
Bid me good-night before I leave,

Can it be true, that you remember
Parting with one so long ago,
Beautiful rose bud of December,
Blowing above the drifting snow ?
Listen, for when the song is ended,
Silence will reign beneath thy eave ;
Think of the heart thou hast befriended,
Bid me good-night before I leave.

Beautiful girl, the stars are gleaming
Brightly above the world below ;
Dream of the absent, in thy dreaming,
Bid me good-night before I go.
Bid me good-night, for I am only
Waiting to take the coming train,
Bid me good-night, but dont be lonely
Darling, for I'll come back again.

Sacred Poems.

HOLY REST.

Oh! I have sighed to gather me
Unto the azure dome
Of yon star-clad immensity,
Where sorrows never come.

The burthen of this heavy grief
Seems hard for me to bear,
But I shall find a sweet relief
From all my anguish—there.

What is the world to those who lay
Their treasures up above;
The heart will never pine away
That looks to God for love.

Lift up your hearts, ye desolate,
His grace to comprehend;
The world may never call you great
But He will be your friend.

LORD, I COME.

A HYMN DEDICATED TO REV. N. A. DAVIS.

Lord, with all my heart I come—
Weary, helpless and opprest,
Lonely, and without a home,
Sighing for eternal rest.
See the tears upon my face,
And remember all my strife:
Shall I die without Thy grace?
Die, so near the stream of life?

I am—as a withered flower—
On a dreary, dewless plain;
But I know Thou hast the power
To revive my soul again.
Oh! remember how Thy son
Suffered on the Roman tree,
And in mercy help each one
Who is looking, Lord, to Thee.

God has heard thy fervent prayer,
Seen the tears upon thy face,
And will free thee from the snare
That has kept thee from His grace.
“I will take thee as thou art,
And for Jesus’ sake forgive;
I will touch thy hardened heart,
With my love, and thou shalt live.”

JEREMIAH AMONG THE RUINS OF JERUSALEM.

Taken from the first chapter of the Book of Lamentations.

How is the city now so desolate, [known?
Whose streets were thronged with people widely
How is she fallen from her high estate,
And tributary to a foreign throne?

She weepeth sorely through the silent night,
And all her tears upon her cheeks remain ;
Her lovers and her friends have took to flight,
And hope for comfort seems to be in vain.

Judah is gone before the captor's sword
In sad affliction, as it hath been willed,
To be in servitude till every word
Against her evil shall have been fulfilled.

The ways of Zion mourn. Her solemn feasts
Are unattended ; and each empty gate
Swings idly open, and her sighing Priests
And helpless virgins share a bitter fate.

Her adversaries have become her chief
Tormentors ; and they prosper every day :
The Lord hath visited her sins with grief,
And sent her erring children all away.

The beauty of her daughter—is no more
Than what is seen in every withered flower :
Her princes—are as harts that go before
The fierce pursuer, and they have no power.

Jerusalem remembered in the days
Of her affliction, all that she possessed
Before the adversaries' mocking gaze
Was riveted upon her envied rest.

Jerusalem has sadly turned aside ;
And for her grave offenses been removed ;
And there is nothing honorable described
In her denuded state to be approved.

Her sin is plainly manifest to all,
And there is no remembrance of her trust :
O, Lord, behold how great has been her fall,
And look at Zion—mould'ring in the dust.

The enemy hath lifted up his hand,
The heathen in her sanctuary tread ;
There's desolation in the Holy Land,
And clouds of wrath upon her altars spread.

The starving people beg at every door ;
And they have given all that they possessed
To buy a little bread. Lord ! help the poor,
And in Thy mercy comfort the distressed.

UNION HYMN.

Hear the voice of angels pleading,
Mortal man repent and live ;
While your wounded heart is bleeding,
God is able to forgive.

While the vital lamp is burning
Call upon his name aloft—
Still repenting, still returning,
Prayers are never said too oft.

Milder breezes ever blowing
In a world beyond the sun,
Say that streams of life are flowing,
And their waters may be won.
Oh ! how long procrastinating
Shall we dwell in idle strife ?
Crowns of glory are awaiting
Those who seek eternal life.

Many friends have left us weeping
'Round the solitary tomb ;
Other flowers in death are sleeping,
Others soon shall cease to bloom.
See the paths of nature guiding
Rapid waters toward the main,
And the sword of Death dividing
All that we, as mortals, gain.

Yet, O yet, from grief refraining,
Turn and view our home above ;
For the soul is weak sustaining
Life without immortal love.
Smoothly o'er the turbid waters
Of temptation, with Thy rod,
Guide Thy erring sons and daughters,
And in death save all, O, God !

ECHOES FROM THE HARP OF ISAIAH.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE XXXVTH CHAPTER.

I.

The wilderness in solitude
Shall have a gladsome voice ;
And where the parching sands intrude,
The rose vine shall rejoice.

II.

Yes, it shall bloom abundantly
With Sharon's roses crowned ;
As Carmel in her majesty,
Or Lebanon profound.

III.

The glory of the Lord is grand
Beyond what fancy paints ;
But strengthen ye the weakened hand,
Confirm the feeble saints.

IV.

O, speak to those who harbor fear,
And tell them to be brave ;
Behold, the recompense is here,
And God is free to save.

V.

The blind shall have their sight restored,
And see the human face ;
The deaf shall hear the gracious word
Of God's eternal grace.

VI.

The lame shall leap upon the sod
O'er which he used to crawl;
The dumb shall sing the praise of God,
His greatness to extol.

VII.

The desert shall become a lake,
And where each dragon lay,
The reeds and rushes form a brake
To guard the grassy way.

VIII.

And there shall be another road,
The way of holiness
That leads us to that bright abode
Of joy and perfect bliss.

IX.

The unclean shall not enter in,
Nor any evil come
To mar our happiness with sin,
In that delightful home.

X.

The ransomed of the Lord shall rise
And leave their dying beds,
To meet the Savior in the skies
With joy upon their heads.

THE PROPHECY.

Written on Christmas Day.

Hail! sweet, celestial day and morn,
Wherein the King of Kings was born;
I sing to celebrate the birth
Of One whose home is not on earth—
Who bade the sandy desert bloom,
Who called up Lazarus from the tomb,
Who, by his wisdom from above,
Subdued the world with filial love.

Oh! what a miracle and morn,
A man—a God of woman born—
The angels sung, and Heaven consigned
“Peace and good will” to all mankind.
’Twas His—that bright and morning star,
Whose sacred light shone from afar,
Which guided wise men from the East—
Who came to dine at wisdom’s feast.

Ye messengers of love draw nigh;
The world is saved—man shall not die;
And ye are honored to proclaim
The glorious tidings of his fame.
Say that a branch from Jesse’s Rod
Blooms in reality a God;
Say that a King is on the throne
Of David, and we shall not moan.

Go, bear these tidings steeped in tears
Of mercy, to the neighboring spheres,

And bid them in their course resound
The King of Kings on earth is crowned.
And thou too, Bethlehem, rejoice,
For out of thee shall come a voice,
A Prince, a Ruler over all,
Whom out of Egypt I shall call.

A Nazarene He must be styled,
The "Lamb of God," the undefiled,
The Bride and Bridegroom both in one,
Perfection's Child, God's only Son;
And all the nations shall adore,
And gather 'round Him to implore
The blessings of eternal days—
For every tongue shall speak His praise.

Then none shall say, "Know ye the Lord!"
For all shall hear, and read His word.
"In those days John the Baptist came,"
His mighty mission to proclaim;
And shouted with inspired command,
"The reign of Heaven is at hand."
Prepare the way of Him above,
"Make straight His path"—reward His love.

"Then all the regions 'round about
Jerusalem, to Him came out,"
And were baptized in Jordon's tide—
Save those who scorned the way with pride.
The bitter cup of death was spilt,
The mighty temple was rebuilt,
And while the halleluichs rung
The Baptist and his brethren sung.

Great God, it is to Thee we owe
The tribute of all praise,

For Thou hast blessed us here below,
And gave us length of days.

Thy saving power, to all, how sweet,
Where truth and love abound ;
Thy righteous judgment how discreet,
Thy wisdom—how profound.

Such is Thy love, all ruling Power,
And mercy t'ward mankind,
That he, though at the eleventh hour,
Who asks for grace, shall find

It makes us glad to know that Thou
Art with us day by day ;
O, help us Lord to keep our vow,
And hear us when we pray.

PARAPHRASE OF THE FIRST PSALM.

Rewarded is the man whose heart
Is free from counsels evil born,
Who with the wicked takes no part,
Nor sits upon the seat of scorn :

But whose delight is in the Lord,
Premeditating how to pray,
Who, trusting in His Holy Word,
Doth worship God from day to day.

He shall be like a fruitful tree
Beside the living streams that flow ;

And blest with all prosperity,
Nor lose his leaves—nor cease to grow.

Ungodly men will have no name
In Heaven's holy place of rest ;
For they, as chaff within a flame,
Shall burn, and never more be blessed.

The Lord, the Holy One of all,
His sacred seed on earth hath sown ;
And every fruitless tree shall fall
And perish from around His Throne.

REPENTANCE.

This poem was suggested after hearing a sermon delivered in the Methodist church at Rusk by the Rev. J. K. Street, who founded his discourse upon the 15th verse of the 1st chapter of the gospel as recorded by St. Mark.

“ Repent ye and believe : ”
The Kingdom is at hand,
And when you hear the gospel preached
Remember this command.

“ Repent ye and believe : ”
Oh do not disobey
As those who lived before the flood,
For they were swept away.

“ Repent ye and believe : ”
For slippery is the path
That many wayward feet have worn
Upon their way to wrath.

“Repent ye and believe :”
The promise is to you
And to your children ; and we know
That the reward is true.

“Repent ye and believe :”
And may the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost abide with you
Until the work is done.

PARAPHRASE OF THE XLIII PSALM.

Judge me, O God, and free my soul
From every vile temptation ;
Deliver me from unjust men,
For Thou art my salvation.

Why go I mourning and oppressed,
Off cast from Thee and Heaven :
O lead me with Thy light and truth,
Which Thou to man hast given.

Then to Thy tabernacle, Lord,
Before Thy throne of glory,
I'll praise Thee—yea upon the harp,
And tell my earthly story.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul !
And why dismayed within me—
Trust in the Lord, Whose perfect word
Is able to redeem thee.

MORNING PRAYER.*

Gracious God, I have trod
Many paths in life;
Each has been full of sin,
And of worldly strife.

Hear my prayer, in the fair
Morning of my youth,
For each mind is designed
To relate the truth.

Saints confess—nothing less
Can approach Thee near;
Saints bestow nothing more
Pleasing to Thine ear.

Let my prayer, through the air,
To Thy throne ascend;
I adore, and implore
Thee to be my friend.

When I pray, day by day,
From Thy frugal board,
Let the wine of divine
Life on me be poured.

Though the world should be hurled
In a fiery flame,
Still I'll cry, God is nigh,
Bless His holy name.

Amen.

*This is one of my earliest poems.

PARAPHRASE FROM GALATIANS.

"And let us not be weary in well doing : for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."—Galatians, 6th chapter, 9th verse.

Oh, let us never weary grow
In doing what we can
To help each other here below,
For life is but a span ;
And when the Savior comes to prove
And put us to the test,
The earnest labor of our love
Is sure to please him best.

If one of you begins to halt,
Don't drive him from his place,
Till you have meekly mourned his fault,
For all have need of grace.
The persecution of a saint
Is sharper than a brier,
And when your younger members faint,
Don't let their faith expire.

The burdens of each other bear,
And do not be so cold,
For every heart is full of care,
If it were only told.
We often think that we are great,
But pride is not humane ;
And what shall be our future state
If we have lived in vain ?

Then let us try to prove our work,
And sift it from the dross

Of idleness; for those who shirk
Will never share the Cross.
The sordid gold that we retain,
To others may descend;
But sins, like counterfeits, remain
And own us to the end.

Let those who are instructed well
Impart to such as need;
And when our human hearts rebel,
Lord, teach us how to heed.
"God is not mocked:" be undeceived,
For what your hands have sown
Shall at the Judgment Day be sheaved;
The harvest is your own.

If planted to the carnal mind,
Your soul shall rue its trust;
For all that's mortal is designed
To perish in the dust.
If in the spirit, to the Lord,
Your christian work appears,
A home in glory shall reward
You for your toil and tears.

Then let us all be wide awake
And in our places found;
For Death shall shortly overtake
Us on his solemn round.
The Spirit of the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost agree
To watch you till the work is done.
Sélah: so let it be.

THE LAST WORDS OF MOSES.

FROM THE BOOK OF DEUTERONOMY.

The Great Eternal God above
Has laid His everlasting arm
Around thee with a tender love,
To shield thee from approaching harm.

And thou shalt dwell in peace, alone,
Where heaven's most precious dew descend,
And God will watch thee from His Throne,
And be thy never failing friend.

O, happy Israel, doubly blest !
O, people who is like to thee ?
Thy gentile foes shall not molest
If thou wilt keep thy constancy.

Thus Moses breathed his last adieu,
And Joshua, the son of Nun,
Was chosen leader, to pursue
The foe, till Canaan's land was won.

Humorous Poems.

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

A trio of young ladies agree among themselves to be called Faith Hope and Charity.

Miss Faith is formed as rude and rough,
As ragged rocks upon a bluff
That beetles o'er some barren plain
Where vegetation dies for rain.
Her voice is like a blowing horn,
And every word she speaks a thorn ;
And from the desert of her heart,
The thistle and the bramble start.

Miss Hope is of a different style,
And on her face she wears a smile
So bright that admiration kneels
To worship what its light reveals.
Her voice is like a silver stream
Of music flowing through a dream ;
And from her heart petitions rise,
For blessings from beyond the skies.

Miss Charity has passed away,
And left a record clear as day.
She had a brief career on earth,
And died before we knew her worth.
With folded hands, beneath this stone
Miss Lucy Thompson sleeps alone ;
But God, in whom she placed her trust,
Will raise her body from the dust.

TO DE.

My friend, we've labored long enough
In single harness here,
To know the road is very rough—
Suppose we change our gear.

This up-hill business, all through life,
Will never win us fame,
And, De, if you will get a wife,
I'll try to do the same.

Your *arm* is *strong*, your heart is true,
And in your manly breast,
There is a love that will not do
To perish unpossess'd.

Look all around you at the girls
So tasteful and refined ;
And when you see their sunny curls,
Tell me, for I am blind !

But that is neither here nor there—
It merely slipped my pen—
Select you one among the fair,
And I shall say, Amen.

If she refuses to become
The handsome Mistress *De* ;
Don't make your residence a home
For bachelors like me.

But go and make another speech,
With eloquence and power,

And let the grapes you fail to reach
Remain—they may be *sour*.

Be very careful when you choose,
To find the one that suits;
For some grow tired of lacing shoes,
And have to wear the *boots*.

I do not say that this is true
Of any one we know ;
For all our girls are soft as dew,
And pure as drifted snow.

There's little then for one to fear,
Whose life has been discreet ;
And she who weds a bachelor,
Will make his joy complete.

We'll celebrate your honeymoon
As one of great renown ;
We'll turn December into June,
And 'luminate the town.

Aside from every other joke,
Stand up and bravely face
The music, and put on the yoke
With dignity and grace.

I told you plainly what I'd do,
If you would get a bride ;
And now the question rests with you,
At leisure to decide.

But do not make this leisure long,
Or I shall cease to wait,
And join the matrimonial throng,
And leave you to your fate.

CHARLIE AND HIS LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

Miller has a bouncing baby
Two and twenty inches tall ;
And you wont believe it, may-be,
But the boy has learned to squall.

He's a handsome little yeller,
Petted by the family group ;
And he snuffles through his smeller
Every time he takes the croup.

He is perfectly delighted
When the lamp is by his bed ;
But he often grows excited
When they cover up his head.

He can rock within his cradle,
And he laughs with hearty zest ;
He can eat without a ladle,
And they feed him with the breast.

He is very fond of singing,
And in music he'll excel ;
You can hear his voice a ringing
To the "Cherokee Hotel."

Hobbie's song is quite sonorous,
And his cry is more acute ;
But when Lena joins the chorus
Vocal Baby-street is mute.

You may talk about your drawling
Organ hymns, and fancy chants ;

But when Charlie Newton's bawling
Thunder's not a circumstance.

I could tell of many others
But my muse must be discreet :
Tongs, and brooms, and angry mothers
Are unpleasant things to meet.

I would rather face the fury
Of the fiercest storms that rise,
Than to stand before the jury
Of an angry woman's eyes.

GEORGE NEELY.

He passed down the street, with a glass in one hand and a spoon in the other, singing:

Some folks deny,
With faces wry,
The privilege of tasting ;
But this shall hardly be our fault,
For we do dearly love the malt,
And hate to see it wasting.

'Tis Christmas day,
And we are gay
Beyond anticipation ;
For good old Rusk is free again,
And we are glad to see the reign
Of peace throughout the nation.

When man was made,
His heart was staid
Upon a little garden ;
But Eve came in and looked about,
And when a serpent snaked her out
She had to sue for pardon.

And since that time,
Through every clime,
We've all been rebel rangers :
Some make their living selling rags
And sundries packed in paper bags,
And some have joined the Grangers.

HUNTERS OF CHEROKEE.

DEDICATED TO W. T. LONG.

Lawyer Mullins, we are going,
Come and quickly join the chase,
Hounds are howling, horns are blowing—
Here's a stand—now take your place.

Aycock, Taylor, John T. Murray,
And McDugald are before—
Hurrah ! we are in a hurry,
And the sport will soon be o'er.

While the leaves and sticks are cracking
As his courser takes the round,
Ginger, Tip and Davis tracking,
Shout that Long is on the ground.

Col. Anderson is standing
In the thicket near the knob,
On an eminence commanding,
Waiting patiently for Bob.

"And the horn sang out," says Whiting,
"When I stopped to hark the game,
And the chase grew more exciting,
As I took my fatal aim."

"He who has an empty pocket,"
Quoth the Col., "cannot spree ;"
Then hurrah for Davie Crockett
And the boys of Cherokee.
"Bring up the snake medicine, boys."

RATS.

I do believe I've got the wakes,
And lost the power of sleeping ;
For night comes on, and day-light breaks,
And still I hear the creeping
Of those infernal rats that dwell
Above me in the ceiling :
I wish that they were all in—well
They think I have no feeling.

I know that it is wrong to curse,
And those who do shall rue it;
But is it not as bad—or worse—
To think and not to do it?
Oh! for a hundred thousand cats,
Whose teeth have all been tested,
To eat the long and short tailed rats,
By which I am molested.

They scamper up and down the wall,
And there is not a ratter
At Palestine—within my call—
To stop their squealing clatter.
O, Collie, bring your barking pup
And see my situation,
Or I shall soon be gobbled up
Without an exclamation.

Rouse all the neighbors; call up Potts,
And shout for Captain Gammage.
Be quick—the rats are casting lots
Without the fear of damage.
I hear their depredating tread,
The hateful, musty goffers;
They're closing up around my bed
As thick as Palmer's loafers.

O where is Pickens gone to-night,
And what's become of Macon?
Call some one—murder!—bring a light—
Alas, I am forsaken!
The band, with crape around their hats,
Will seek the cemetery,
And all of me that's left by rats,
They'll charitably bury.

MILLER ELLIS.

Oh! Miller Ellis ha' a boy,
And I am gang to greet the toy
Wi' sic a little hand:
My heart wad beat
Wi' joy to greet
A Scotchman in the land.

Now, Miller, thou wilt ha' te nurse;
For Ellen dinna like the firs
O' sic a little lad.
I pity thee
With sympathy,
And yet it makes me glad.

Of a' the things I had to learn
The three worst were to nurse, and churn,
And scour candlesticks:
A crying child
Wad run one wild
When a' these labors mix.

MISS BONNIE McD.

I am a roving Scottish lad
And my hame is in auld Cherokee;
But when my heart wi' grief is sad
I will think of Miss Bonnie McD.

Miss Bonnie McD.
Is the lass for me :
Oh, who wad na loe sic a claim ;
For her voice is sweet
And her manners complete,
And I'll gie all I hae for the same.

Amang the girls o' our state,
I niver can loe but ane and thee :
Shrill winds may blaw but I loe Kate
And the little Miss Bonnie McD.

Miss Bonnie McD.
Is the lass for me :
Oh, who wad na loe sic a claim ;
For her voice is sweet
And her manners complete,
And I'll gie all I hae for the same.

MY BLACK CAT, SATAN.

I have a black cat, and the thief
Has eat so many pounds of beef
That he has learned to bellow.
Perhaps you don't believe it, De,
But come and spend a night with me,
And hear the clever fellow.

Olivia says that she regrets
My fondness for such ugly pets,
And drives him from the room.

O, husband, if in future days
You should her Scottish temper raise,
Prepare to meet the broom.

A lady who will fight a cat
For sleeping in her Sunday hat,
Is not so much to blame;
And I am willing to extend
The privilege to every friend,
Who does not know his name.

Miscellaneous Poems.

SONG OF THE BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

O, come to my soul in a beautiful dream,
On the musical wings of the night ;
Yes, come as a star with a radiant gleam,
From the fount of eternity's light ;
And if in this cold world you claim as your own
One object that merit endears,
Oh ! think of the cedar that shaded the stone
Where in childhood we mingled our tears.

The flowers are all gone, and the withering blast,
And the storm of the autumn are there :
They may rage, but they cannot destroy the past,
Nor subdue me with sullen despair ;
For while I reflect on the kindness of those
Whose friendship no change can dis sever,
I'll think of the debt that my gratitude owes,
And love them sincerely forever.

My heart is a fountain of sadness to-day,
And my soul is familiar with grief ;
For everything beautiful passes away,
And the remedy yields no relief.

As the wild, warbling minstrels of nature return
In the twilight of day, to repose,
So man goeth down to oblivion's urn,
Forgotten by all—but his foes.

Then come to my soul in a beautiful dream,
On the musical wings of the night ;
Yes, come as a star with a radiant gleam,
From the fount of eternity's light ;
And if in this cold world you claim as your own
One object that merit endears ;
Oh ! think of the cedar that shaded the stone
Where in childhood we mingled our tears.

ACROSTIC.

Following on, we're following on,
Loving and longing for those who are gone,
Owning with sorrow that life is a breath,
Restless, and few of us ready for death ;
Edging the valley of shadow and gloom,
Nearing the portal that leads to the tomb,
Coming—yes coming, by night and by day :
Everything mortal must perish away.
Twilight has sprinkled the gold of the west—
Under the willows to brighten thy rest ;
Calmly the night in its beauty has come,
Kindly the angels have welcomed thee home,
Ever to dwell in their happy abode,
Reigning in glory and worshipping God.

ANGEL AMONG THE FLOWERS.

O, beautiful spirit, among the flowers,
Sporting thy life away,
Live not for the love of thy rosy bowers,
Which bloom but to decay.
But live for a world of holier light,
Shining beyond the tomb,
There the glory of God obscures the night,
There plant thy fadeless bloom.

O, beautiful spirit, the vine clad streams,
Fragrant and fairly shown,
Are passing, like thee, to a land that seems
As boundless and unknown.
Live for the hope of a heavenly bliss,
Spirit of light and air,
Nor for the love of a world like this,
Thy home of weary care.

THE TWO SISTERS.

I know two sisters who are fair
And gentle and demure ;
And in their loving eyes they wear
A lustre that is pure ;
Pure as the light of silver showers
Among the golden isles
Of happy childhood ; and the flowers
Are brightened by their smiles.

Their voices are in unison,
Their aspirations high ;
And when their mission here is done,
They'll sing beyond the sky.
The songs of angels are sublime,
And as they softly come
To us across the sea of time,
They bring us nearer home.

'Tis sweet to contemplate the past
With all its pleasant train
Of tender memories, for they last
While life and love remain ;
And when the hopes that we've pursued
Are given to decay,
The night of death shall be subdued,
And lost in endless day.

As morning rises o'er the gloom
Of earth (in dewy tears) ;
As vegetation casts its bloom
Before the fruit appears ;
So, "in like manner we must fall,"
In order to obtain
The blessing that awaits us all,
Where saints and angels reign.

The transient beauty of the face
Our fancy may control,
But give to me that native grace
Whose merit wins the soul.
Be mindful where you place your trust,
There's many a storm to brave ;
The idols of this world are dust,
And perish in the grave.

Sweet sisters, may your pathway be
With lillies overgrown,
As emblems of your purity—
So innocently shown :
And when your day of life departs,
His promises to prove,
May God reward your faithful hearts
With everlasting love.

THE OLD YEAR.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MESSRS. EWING & HUNTER, EDITORS OF
THE "PALESTINE ADVOCATE."

Old year, the hour is nigh at hand :
The shadows of the night have spread
Thy funeral pall o'er sea and land,
And time will soon pronounce thee dead.

Yes, thou shalt die, and take thy place
Among those crowded sepulchers,
Whose adamantine walls encase
The relics of six thousand years.

O, what a grave of human woe ;
And what a record shall there be
Against us in this world below,
When we are in eternity !

The first was beautiful and bright :
The morning stars did sweetly sing,
The angels shouted with delight,
To see a world from nothing spring.

The second saw a lovely pair
In perfect innocence appear ;
The third beheld them in despair,
And marked the falling of a tear.

The fourth a sadder scene relates,
For jealousy, by sin's device,
Unlocked the happy garden's gates,
And death appeared in Paradise.

The fifth contained a promise dear,
And Mercy made a heavenly shrine,
And Enoch left this mortal sphere
To walk with God in realms divine.

But when the people turned aside,
And ceased to keep their sacred vows,
The ocean poured its angry tide
Around the loftiest mountains' brows.

And then it rose, by tempest toss'd
Above the trees, till wave met wave,
And all who lived, but eight, were lost
Within one common watery grave.

The years passed on, and prophets came
To elevate the human race—
The people laughed their creed to shame,
And stoned them in the market-place.

At length a brighter star arose
To comfort Judah in his loss ;
He met His fate in calm repose,
And died upon a Roman cross.

The blood that trickled from that tree
And fell upon the rocks below,
Was shed alike for you and me,
And only God such love can show.

Behold the strength of empires proud
And see the nations of the earth—
They vanish as a passing cloud,
And die while others have their birth.

Thus, while this globe its course has run
And Aph and Perihelion made
In many a circuit 'round the sun,
Have men and monuments decayed.

But that atoning blood shall live
While generations rise and fall,
For God is willing to forgive,
And Christ has died to save us all.

Silence! the hand is pointing near—
The time is almost up. Look! look!
Oh, save us through the dying year!
'Tis dead, and God has sealed the book.

There's many a hand we've warmly prest,
And many a heart that shared our trust,
And many a brilliant eye at rest
Within the cold and silent dust.

It makes me sad to contemplate
The changes which are yet to come ;
But if you go before me, wait—
I'll try to meet you all at home.

We know not what a year may do
For those we love so tenderly ,
But if our aims in life are true,
We shall not want for constancy.

And when the last long call is made,
That to us each shall here be given ;
Oh ! meet the summons undismayed,
And pass through death to life in Heaven.

OUR DELINQUENTS.

Speak of them pleasantly, mention the same
Kindly to those who have cherished their fame ;
Never let anger your duty prevent,
Many are wayward—but some will repent.

Shu is a hollow-eyed hound of despair,
Howling and barking at all that is fair ;
Prowling around about every one's yard,
Seeking for those who are off of their guard.

Hiding his weapons in bottles and kegs,
Clothing the widows and orphans in rags ;
Calling, in language alluring, to men,
Dragging them down to a horrible den.

Cursing the strong and destroying the weak,
Railing the righteous and mocking the meek.
Oh! for an eye that is single to view
Something more useful in life to pursue.

Shade is averse to the growth of a field,
Weeds are cut down on account of their yield,
But if these things are permitted to stand,
Whom shall we blame for the blight of the land?

Look at the cause of the evil you see,
Search for the root of the poisonous tree,
Cut it in pieces—and then you will find
Work for a pure and unprejudiced mind.

Sin is an evil, and evil is harm,
Down in the city, or out on the farm;
And in whatever condition it lives,
Sorrow's the only reward that it gives.

Many a poor and unfortunate one
May be reclaimed as the prodigal son:
Never despond on this side of the grave,
God is forgiving and able to save.

While there is life, there is hope of reform,
Where there is faith, it will keep the heart warm.
God in His mercy has taught us to pray—
Plead for the lambs who are going astray.

Some are enticed to abandon the fold
Dazzled away by the glitter of gold;
Others are striving their fancy to please,
Careless, and living in Zion at ease.

Are there not angels around on the lurch,
Watching for those who are absent from church ?
Oh, ye delinquents, 'tis time to beware,
Time to return to your places of prayer.

Look at your ministers, honest and good,
Preaching to pews, and to benches of wood,
While you are at home in your good, easy chairs,
Hardening your hearts and neglecting your prayers.

Think of your duty. The harvest is white—
Can't you contribute one poor little mite ?
Come to the rescue, and come with a heart
Willing and ready to bear any part.

Come, for the banner of Christ is unfurled,
Come, and win others away from the world ;
Come, for the Savior invites you to come ;
Come, and the christians will welcome you home.

Ye who have traveled the wilderness route,
Come in your confidence, come without doubt,
Come, and as pilgrims together we'll go
Where the Redeemer His ransomed shall know.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

We were friends in the palmy old days of the past,
When the present was hid from our view ;
But we know that the chill of a wintry blast
Is the prelude to summer and dew.

We were friends in the beautiful morning that broke
O'er the pathway we traveled so long ;
And our parting is sad, but the heaviest stroke
May be lightened and turned into song.

We were friends in the evening that brought a respite
To the sick and the suffering and poor ;
And you told me of worlds, in the sky of the night,
As we sat on the step at the door.

We'll be friends till the friendship of earth has grown
And our forms have been laid in the dust ; [cold,
For a heart that is faithful is better than gold,
And I know you are true to your trust.

We'll be friends in that beautiful haven of rest,
Where these tears shall be wiped from our eyes ;
And we'll sing with the angels and dwell with the
Where the love of the soul never dies. [blest,

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

Farewell, dear friend, farewell ;
It fills my heart with pain
To hear thy solemn funeral knell,
But we shall meet again.

Yes, we shall meet and sing
A song of glad surprise,
Where life is an eternal thing,
And friendship never dies.

Ah, little did I think,
When last we parted here,
That thou wert standing on the brink
Of life, with death so near.

Thy fate recalleth one
Whose precious life and pure,
By cruel hands at Jefferson,
Was taken premature.

Our loss—his gain may be—
But in our ignorance,
'Tis hard for mortal eyes to see
The ways of Providence.'

The fountains of my grief
Are full and running o'er :
Thy bright career, alas, how brief !
Dear friend, thou art no more.

The merit of thy worth
Thy loved ones shall retain ;
And when they leave this lonesome earth,
Unite with thee again.

'Tis sad to bid adieu
To scenes that cannot last,
But after death we shall renew
The friendship of the past.

Yes, we shall all rejoice,
Through ages yet to come,
And hear the Savior's loving voice
Say : welcome, welcome home.

Oh, mortals, men of clay,
On what do you rely?
Remember that there is a day
In which we all must die.

The hour may be at hand,
For death awaits us all;
And who among us here shall stand
Prepared to meet the call?

So sympathize with those
Who need thee in their grief,
That when thy life is at its close,
Thy soul may find relief.

VERSES COMPOSED AT THE GRAVE OF A
LITTLE CHILD.

Let not the brazen sound of bells be heard
When I am sleeping in the lonesome grave,
For memory, far more sacred than the word,
Can twine a chaplet for the dying brave.

The air made solemn by the sounding bell,
Brings forth a deluge of unnumbered tears;
Which like the floods of tribulation swell,
Presenting death with all its gloomy fears.

Our fettered souls can fly more swift than sound,
When free'd from this corporeal mass of clay,

And through the azure vaulted skies resound
The glorious promise of an endless day.

Then let each soul prepare to pay the debt,
Whose penalty we all must undergo;
For every star, however bright, must set,
And life itself must ebb, then calmly flow.

The little form may slowly mould away,
But that immortal spark of sinless youth
Shall light the sunbeams of an endless day,
And add a new reality to truth.

In humble verse I sing thee to repose,
And breathe my cadence o'er thy narrow bed:
The lily pale is struggling with the rose,
And infant beauty sleeps among the dead.

Cast deep your anchor on the sea of life,
And soon your honest calling will appear;
For heaven is exempt from mortal strife,
And God's eternal blessings linger near.

BUSH'S BEAR.

I insert this poem merely as an example of my earliest attempts at versification.

One evening on the public square,
When Rusk was in its prime,
The boys desired that Bush's bear
Should have a lively time.

So all the dogs for leagues around
Were gathered to the fray,
But bruin sat upon the ground
And thought they came to play.

A shaggy, yellow cur was first
And foremost to assail.
The bear received him brotherly,
Because he had no tail.

The second was a dog of sense,
And easy to control.
He fought the foe in self defense,
And lost his under jole.

The third was braver than the first
Or second in the strife.
He fought for fame, and fared the worst
Because he lost his life.

At this the people gave a shout,
And hissed from where they stood—
The canine forces faced about,
And made a raid for blood.

It was a simultaneous charge,
And as they came to blows,
The chain gave way and let at large
The bear among his foes.

He filled the air with flying tails
And feet and broken ears,
And put to silence all the wails
Of those outlandish curs.

This story teaches us to own
The value of a bear,
In every town where pups are grown
And fists are never rare.

Remember that the path of life
Is filled with many bogs ;
And if you wish to keep from strife,
Avoid the haunts of dogs.

IN MEMORIAM.

Two sisters, Misses Sue and Nora McKellar, were attempting to cross the Neches river, near Saunders' Mill, in Cherokee county. The servant boy, not knowing the depth of the stream, drove the barouche into twelve feet water, when its floods rushed in, and the sisters floated out upon the current. The former caught to the limb of a tree, and hung there for an hour, till some one came to her rescue. While thus suspended she witnessed her darling sister Nora perish in the waters. The surviving sister was subsequently married to Capt. B. N. Boren, of Tyler.

"Save me, O God: for the waters are come in unto my soul."

"I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me."

Neches river! Neches river!
Death is in thy darkened tide;
And I near thee with a shiver
More of anguish than of pride;
With a feeling sadder, deeper
Than I ever knew before,
For a pale and voiceless sleeper
Lost amid thy reckless roar.

Whisper to the water lily—
Tell the wild flowers of the wood
How she struggled with the chilly
Rush of the surrounding flood ;
For she loved those leaves of gladness
As the solace of her gloom,
And as emblems of our sadness,
Let us lay them on her tomb.

Never till a seed is planted
Can its real worth be known ;
Never till the heart has granted
It, can sympathy be shown.
There is tenderness of feeling
In whatever brings relief,
And a comfort in revealing
The sincerity of grief.

I have seen three sisters carried
From the threshold to the hearse,
And have thought as each was buried
That no sorrow could be worse ;
But the grief of that survivor
Is superior to mine ;
God, in mercy, O, revive her
Soul, that it may not repine.

Be her comforter in sorrow—
Be her life in every phase ;
Be the sunshine of to-morrow
To the coming of her days ;
For the glorious fruition
Of a God-like sympathy
Is the meekness and contrition
Of a heart that turns to Thee.

I THANK YOU FOR THAT ONE KIND WORD.

I thank you for that one kind word—
It is the first that I have heard
 Since friends became so few ;
It teaches me when I reflect
Upon their coldness and neglect,
 That you are not untrue.

Our neighbors are not always known
By what they say, but we should own
 And sympathize with those
Who try to do the best they can,
For patience in an honest man
 Will overcome his foes.

The sun goes down upon the wrath
Of such as never weed their path,
 Nor free their feet from strife ;
But you possess the blessing—health,
And have within your breast the wealth
 Of everlasting life.

We know that what we build to-day,
To-morrow may be torn away,
 But all our thoughts are free,
And whether written or concealed,
They will return and be revealed
 In God's eternity.

I saw a little floweret fade,
And yet I did not feel dismayed,
 But knew that it was blessed ;

For my experience—though young—
Has found a thought that, with the tongue,
Can never be expressed.

Incomprehensible thou art
O, mystery of the human heart,
As darkness to the eye :
Pavilions are thy tapestry ;
And gloomy oceans form the spray
That clouds thy moral sky.

I've seen the brilliant sun go down,
And leave its melancholy frown
Upon the cheek of night :
Thus friends—Alas ! like days—depart,
Whom I have loved with all my heart—
Great Spirit, be their light :

And I will wander on, alone—
Contented with the kindness shown
By others—while I live.
Those who are "faithful to the end"
Shall find an everlasting Friend,
With mercy to forgive.

EMMA.

Emma, keep your youthful heart
Free from Cupid's piercing dart,
For he oft at random hurls,
Wounding half the pretty girls

In the neighborhood around ;
And 'tis better to be drowned—
Like a kitten in a creek—
Than to be in love a week
With a man who never thinks
Harm will come of what he drinks.

I have often heard it said :
"It were better to be dead,
Than unfortunately wed,
And compelled to live in dread."
Emma, this may all be true,
But I humbly trust that you
May be fortunate enough
To be guided 'round the rough
Places in this world of ours,
By a pathway strewn with flowers.

Think, oh ! think, how much depends
On the faithfulness of friends ;
And in telling what you've heard,
Try to use the very word
That your author first employed,
Or the sense may be destroyed,
And the meaning understood
Differently from what it should ;
Thus, to make the matter sure,
Always keep your conscience pure.

Yes, remember in your youth
How to love and value truth,
So that your declining days
May be hallowed by the praise
And approving smiles of those
Who will watch you to the close

Of your bright existence here,
And within another sphere
Bid you, as a worthy guest,
Welcome to eternal rest.

There all tears shall cease to flow ;
And your loving heart will know
Something of the joy they feel,
Who in happy union kneel
'Round the throne in circles bright,
Never more to disunite,
Nor to hear the last good-bye
Of a friend that's called to die ;
And your soul's fruition be
Life and immortality.

AN INVENTORY: OR THE FAMILY WITH WHOM I BOARDED.

There's Florence, and Alice, and Katy Rosene,
And Ellie—a lively young lad of sixteen—
And Bettie, and Laura, and Sallie, the gay,
And Julia, and Pauline, and sweet little May ;
The father and mother the circle complete ;
And govern their family with wisdom discreet.

How pleasant it is, at the close of the day,
To hear their sweet voices in song or at play.
Some swing on a rope they have fastened to trees,
While Mamie plays "mumble the peg"—down on her
And others are busy around the hot stove, [knees—
Preparing for those whom they tenderly love.

No chair is made vacant ; no shadow has come
To darken the sky of their beautiful home.
They meet with each other around the same board
And go on the Sabbath to hear the same word ;
And often, assembled together at even,
They sing of the Savior, and talk about heaven.

Oh ! God, there is room ; there are mansions prepared,
And many, through Jesus, Thy blessings have shared ;
And many have prayed, and been answered in prayer ;
Grant Thou that this family united may share,
Encircled and saved in the arms of Thy love,
The joy that is waiting the faithful above.

Residence of C. A. Sterne, Palestine, June 25, 1875.

WATCHING.

“ Watchman, tell us of the night.”

The hour is twelve, and we are near
Assembled 'round this litter here
In token of our love for one
Who leaves a daughter and a son,
With many friends and relatives,
To mourn that she no longer lives.

The hour is one, and now a breath
Is floating through this room of death,
And gently toying with the pall
That hides her features from us all—
As some good angel, kindly sent,
To guard the pure and innocent.

The hour is two: the clouds eclipse
The stars, and death has sealed her lips.
Oh, could her children but have heard
The accent of one parting word,
Before her spirit "took its flight,"
They would not feel so sad to-night.

The hour is three, and all is still ;
But soon, upon yon neighboring hill,
The sounding shovel and the spade
A narrow dwelling will have made ;
And we must watch until they lay
This lifeless form beneath the clay.

The hour is four, and still she sleeps,
While every eye its vigil keeps ;
But God has bid us not to fear,
And wiped away the last sad tear
That ever shall bedew her face,
And called her home to his embrace.

The hour is five: the shadows break,
And purple morning comes to wake
The cheerful minstrels of the grove ;
But silent is the voice we love,
And silently we take our leave.
God bless the hearts that sadly grieve.

Ye who beside the grave have stood
And seen the useful and the good
Let down beneath the common sod,
Oh ! lift your souls in prayer to God,
And ask for blessings to be shed
O'er those who mourn their precious dead.

CALLED TO REST.

Two little hands are folded up,
As lillies on the breast of spring ;
Two little lips have drained the cup
Of bitterness, without its sting.

Two little eyes that might have been
The light of some devoted heart,
Are taken from this world of sin,
To beam in brighter ones, apart.

Two little feet that never trod
Upon the earth, as ours have done,
Are taken home to walk with God,
In glorious realms beyond the sun.

A mind that might have gathered power
From knowledge, to contend with strife,
Is lifted like a fragrant flower
From out the thorny vale of life.

Weep not, the future may disclose
The wisdom and supremacy
Of God, in calling to repose
Thy loved one in its infancy.

O, ye who labor to perform
The duties of a christian here,
Be faithful, struggle with the storm,
And smile away the starting tear.

Sunday, Dec. 15, 1867.

JOY IN A SOUTHERN HOME.

There is joy in a Southern home to-night,
And the stars are looking down
With their lambent eyes, from the arching skies,
On the quiet of the town.

There are happy hearts in that family group ;
And I join their glad refrain,
With an earnest zeal for the brightest weal
Of the friend that is home again.

You are welcome back to the hills and vales
Over which you used to stray ;
And I joy to learn of your safe return,
For you've been so long away.

Did you meet with friends on your Northern tour
Like the ones you left behind ?
Do they feel as near as your loved ones here,
And remember you as kind ?

When the twilight hung o'er the crystal lakes,
And you wandered forth at dusk,
Did you ever sigh for the days gone by,
And the dear old town of Rusk ?

As you glided on through the dreamy waves,
With a cloudless sky above,
And the lake below in a silver glow,
Did you think of those you love ?

Did your thoughts return to the Sunday School,
And the sweet, expressive face,
And the fond adieu of your teacher true—
The Mary who kept your place ?

Oh! yes, I know you are mindful of all,
Who have longed for you to come,
And I join the song of the joyous throng,
And sing you a welcome home.

OCTAVIA.

O, come to the land where a generous heart
Will welcome your presence, and sigh when you part;
Where the tall mountain pine, with its evergreen leaf,
Will banish all vanities tending to grief;
Where the wild bird of nature so tenderly sings,
'Neath the gloom of the forest, on hovering wings;
Where the Cherokee Nation was once in its prime,
And the young, sportive archer thus measured his
rhyme:

“Let us sing to our chieftain an anthem of praise
For the victories achieved in our once happy days;
For the red men, like shadows, are passing away,
And our fathers are silently sleeping in clay; [known,
Though perchance the Great Spirit, for causes un-
Having chastened his children, and left them to moan,
Will yet gather the remnant, dispelling their fears,
And enlighten their ignorance, and dry up their tears.
Then around the bold standard we'll rally once more
And the war-whoop shall ring on the enemies' shore.”
Thus sang the bold archer, whose visions were few,
And his warriors replied: “It is true; it is true.”
Then come, we will muse where the voice of the bird
In the clustering foliage daily is heard;
For the nightingale sings from her high oaken bower,
And the trumpet is calm in the sentinel's tower.

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the jewel of every age,
The diamond seal of life's immortal chord,
And wisdom is diffused through every page—
Coming by inspiration from the Lord.
Learn human nature: 'tis the life of life,
Congenial to the friendship of a friend.
The language of an eye bespeaks the strife
Of thoughts internal—laboring to contend.
We stand upon the threshold of the tomb
And look beyond it, scarcely knowing why;
And those who shrink from its appalling gloom,
Are said to doubt their immortality:
However, there are reasons which perplex
Investigation, and confuse the mind;
And man his reason may for centuries vex,
Nor comprehend what never was designed
For him to know. That grand Apocalypse
Of hieroglyphics—whose prophetic eye
Beholds futurity—may well abash
The feebleness of frail mortality,
Yet there is still a more exalted Being,
A something which no language can explain,
All Wise, All Powerful, and All Seeing,
Whose dwelling place—oh, who can ascertain?
The past is present; and futurity,
That nameless nothing of an unknown dream,
Is shrouded with mysterious majesty
And gloom—but to return to our theme.

THE EYE.

The eye—all searching mirror of the mind—
Within whose broad, expatiating glance,
Prodigious thought, and high, may be divined,
Precedes all language, and waits in advance:
As when, upon the desert of the west,
The wild, romantic sons of nature dream
Of water, and send on a guard, who rest
Far in advance beside some crystal stream.
Thus while we speak, the language of the eye
Portrays what interest in the topic heard
Men take, and marks them with a smile, or sigh,
And writes them down in memory—word for word.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

The timid ear, susceptible of sound,
Appreciates the compliments of friends;
But wisdom's voice is something more profound,
Which urges not—yet which still recommends,
“Rejoicing, I before creation came,
Rocked in the cradle of a chaos wild;
And from my inextinguishable flame
Aurora sprang: and God called me His child.
Subservient, I willingly obeyed
The Grand, Incomprehensible Sublime;
And soon with lightning speed all space surveyed,
And from eternity deducted time.

The subtrahend in figures none may read,
 The minuend much larger still remains :
 With towering intellect divine the creed,
 Or say that God, through wisdom, all explains.
 I perched upon the lofty Appenine,
 Beneath the umbrage of a classic grove,
 Where Socrates or Homer might recline,
 And taught a lesson uninspired by Jove.
 The seven wise men of the Grecian train
 Drank deeply at my fountain here on earth ;
 Confucius sought to find the living vein,
 And self relying, lost self valued worth."

LOVE.

Love is the jewel of a generous heart,
 Warmed by the impulse of its quickening power ;
 And words of wisdom mildly may impart,
 That woman's love's a sweet perennial flower.
 The Pocahontas of immortal fame,
 The bold Oriska of the forest wild ;
 And many others, numerous to name,
 Were persecuted—yet in tears they smiled.
 Sweet evidence historically true,
 Thy voice shall plead like angels from above ;
 And those who persecute cannot subdue
 The queen of nature, or the soul of love.
 Observe the gifted pen of Hannah Moore,
 Wrapped in a conflict of unequal strife,
 Where giant powers molested all the shore,
 And Israel's ruler trembled for his life.

Can youthful vigor fearlessly defy
The huge, gigantic champion of all,
Or give his carcass to the birds that fly,
Who hurled defiance at the throne of Saul?
Yes, for the fabric of a nation's pride
Hung on the shoulders of a timid youth;
And he was counted worthy to preside,
And be a king, because he loved the truth.

THE BROTHEL.

There's nothing like a married life,
But care and sorrow sink
The heart of many a loving wife,
Whose husband takes to drink.

The brothel with its open door,
And flaming sign above,
Has power to make a man ignore
His honor—and his love.

The keeper, like a Upas tree
Upon a blasted heath,
Stands there to offer you and me
The bitter cup of *death*.

'Tis filled with liquid pestilence,
Distilled by licensed laws;
And who shall argue his defense,
Or justify his cause?

There's scarcely any town within
The borders of our state,
Without these horrid haunts of sin,
Where men grow desolate.

And is it wise, or is it right,
A traffic to sustain
That fastens its eternal blight
Upon the heart and brain?

O, men of reason, stop and think
How sad must be the soul
Of one who early learns to drink,
And loses self control.

While bottles and decanters shine
Along the brothel wall,
'Tis hard for toppers to decline
The use of alcohol.

But if you strive to place it where
'Twill be beyond their clutch,
A thousand hearts, now in despair,
Will thank you for as much.

Ten thousand tongues will praise the vote
That moral worth has won;
And sober judgment shall promote
The good that you have done.

Society will be improved,
And property enhanced;
Your children, loving and beloved,
Will grow up more advanced.

Yes, more advanced than those who see,
And tearfully deplore
The toper's imbecility
Around the brothel door.

The innocent have suffered shame,
And with their feet unshod,
They ask assistance in the name
Of *justice*, and of God.

And shall we turn away our ears,
And bandage up our eyes,
Indifferent to the prayers and tears
That from oppression rise?

O, Thou who didst the curse remove,
And set Thine Israel free,
Look down with tenderness and love
On dear old Cherokee!

For we are in a wilderness
Where liquor lions roar,
And asps and adders coil and hiss
Around the brothel door.

The enemies of moral worth,
The sappers of the poor,
The blight and mildew of the earth,
Lie 'round the brothel door.

They reel without their reckoning,
And boast of being brave,
But death shall spread his sable wing
Upon the drunkard's grave.

And this shall be his epitaph,
In spite of wealth or fame:
"Here lies a broken, shattered staff,
Unworthy of a name."

And what of those whose hands have wrought
The evil we deplore?
For sin and shame are talked and taught
Around the brothel door.

We see examples every day,
And hear the boisterous glee
Of some poor victim on the way
That leads to infamy.

And if these lines a word of scorn
From vicious lips should start,
'Twill turn and rankle, as a thorn,
Within the speaker's heart.

For he shall know, in time to come,
That what I write is true,
And in a sad and cheerless home
The rash invective rue.

Here's good and evil—take your choice,
For life will soon be o'er;
And God shall silence every voice
Around the brothel door.

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THE PLACE OF DIVINE WORSHIP.

Are you coming out to preaching?
Try to spare the time and go,
For the minister is teaching
Something you would like to know.

Yesterday I heard him telling
Of a sinner saved by grace,
While the tender tears were welling
O'er his grateful, happy face.

Be a man of resolution
And reform, in spite of those
Who receive your contribution
Only to increase your woes.

There is profit in pursuing
That which elevates the mind,
And a pleasure in reviewing
All that makes us more refined.

Life has many solemn duties,
Which should cause us to reflect;
For we never see the beauties
Of the objects we neglect.

Have you feet, and do you use them
Always in the proper way?
Pride is ready to abuse them,
Sin to lead them both astray.

Have you hands, and do they labor
 With the pen, or till the soil ?
Do they benefit your neighbor,
 Or increase his daily toil ?

Have you ears, and are they hearing
 Something useful to retain ;
Or the slang and idle jeering
 Of the vicious and profane ?

Have you eyes, and does your vision
 Linger o'er the drunkard's bowl ;
Or behold it in derision,
 As the torment of the soul ?

If a tongue to you is given,
 Teach it well by night and day ;
For the brightest hopes of Heaven
 Come to those who love to pray.

Oh, ye sad and broken hearted
 Sorrow stricken sons of dust !
What to you has sin imparted
 Worthy of a moment's trust ?

All your wealth is unavailing,
 And is fleeting as a breath ;
For it can't sustain your failing
 Spirit in the hour of death.

But if you would be rewarded,
 And the time is always rife,
Try to have your name recorded
 In the precious Book of Life.

I address you as a brother,
And your joys and sorrows share ;
Let us strive to meet each other
Often at the house of prayer.

Come and see the good 'twill do you—
Put your conscience to the test :
Your companions will pursue you,
And your efforts may be blest.

Idle men increase their troubles,
Lounging on the public square :
All their plans are empty bubbles,
And their conversations—air.

But if you would have a pleasure,
Sinless, and without alloy,
Make the love of God your treasure,
And your life shall end in joy.

When I hear the simple story
Of the cross, and think of those
Who are on their way to glory,
How my heart with rapture glows.

How I long to hear the singing
Of the bright and blood washed throngs,
While the golden harps are ringing
To their never ending songs.

There the stream of life is flowing
O'er a pure, celestial sod :
Who is ready ? Who is going
To the paradise of God ?

NO NAME.

The night's descending shadows come,
As with a melancholy hum,
And twilight gathers up her wings,
And there is music on the strings
Of every lute, whose cadence blends
The loving hearts of trusting friends
Together in tranquility—
But there are none to care for me!

The sun shall rise to kiss the flowers,
And April clouds will bring them showers,
And they with dewy lips shall speak
Their fragrant language to the meek
And tender vines that love to fling
Their verdure o'er the brow of spring;
And other eyes the sight shall see,
But there are none to care for me!

The oaks shall from their acorns leap,
As nature waking out of sleep,
And wave their spreading branches o'er
The murmuring brook and mossy moor;
And youth and age shall gather there,
The beauty of the scene to share,
And they will bless the leafy tree,
But there are none to care for me!

MAGNOLIA.

The following lines are intended as a tribute of respect to the memory of a young telegraph operator, who died very suddenly at Magnolia, in the state of Arkansas, some time during the last year of the war. Hoyt was at his key late one evening, and on the following morning, when Mr. Wickersham announced his death to the superintendent at Marshall, some officer on the line exclaimed: "Magnolia is silent forever."

Magnolia is silent forever!

His key to the tomb we consign;
And the thought is so sad that we never
Shall hear him again on the line:
Yet they say that his rank is far greater
Than it could have ever been here;
But I feel for the young operator—
Arkansas, hast thou not a tear?

The virgins are mild as a morning
That cloudlessly wakes in the east,
And thou knowest that death is a warning—
Oh, weep for the stranger deceased!
There are dew drops that fall without number,
And sparkle on pitiless stone;
There are friends and companions that slumber,
Whose merits have never been known.

The beautiful rainbow that blendeth
Its colors with that of the cloud,
Like an angel of mercy descendeth,
Its perishing form to enshroud.
But Magnolia is silent forever,
His key to the tomb we consign,
And the thought is so sad that we never
Shall hear him again on the line.

TAKE BACK THE HARP.

Take back the harp: it must be strung
By softer hands than mine;
Indifference leaves the song unsung,
And half the fault is thine.

With labor that has been bestowed,
There lingers no offense;
But sorrow sits in the abode
Of hope and confidence.

Some seeds do fall on fertile soil,
And yield their golden shocks,
While others bud to mock our toil,
And die among the rocks.

The mind is wonderful with all
Its faculties sublime,
And yet 'tis bitter to recall
This waste of so much time.

The truth constrains me thus to say,
With sadness and with sorrow,
That one may be your friend to-day—
Your enemy to-morrow.

Then take the harp; it must be strung
By softer hands than mine;
Indifference leaves the song unsung,
And half the fault is thine.

THOU ART GONE.

Thou art gone, alas, forever!
Yes, forever, thou art gone;
And 'tis sad, yet friends must sever,
As the flowers upon the lawn;
And the cheek that bloometh gaily,
Wears the shade of death behind;
And our observations daily,
Teach us all to be resigned.
When the wedded vine is riven,
And its tendrils forced to part,
Is there not a Friend in Heaven
To bind up the broken heart?
Dwells there not some mediator
In the spirit land of bliss?
"Yes," proclaims the Great Creator,
"I'll not leave you comfortless"

Jordan's waves, though wild and bubbling,
Calmed their vortex for the blest;
"There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest."
Through the gloom a form is coming,
Truth resplendently is shown,
And another voice is humming
"Holy! Holy!" 'round the throne.
Friendship is a sacred treasure,
Found among the faithful few
Who contribute to our pleasure,
And whose words are ever true.
Father, lo! our tribulation
Comes upon us; yet 'tis just.
Oh, reward us with salvation,
And in death let all be blessed.

ASSOCIATION.

Association has a power,
 Whose potent spell can overcast
 The pleasures of the present hour,
 By reminiscence of the past.

I have not heard the gentle tone
 Of that sweet voice for many years ;
 But often when I sit alone,
 Its memory fills my eyes with tears.

The golden casket of her mind
 Is stored with many treasures rare ;
 And most of them have been refined
 By perseverance and by prayer.

The fountains of her heart are sealed
 By angels, for the sweet abode
 Of that bright land, through faith revealed
 To those who put their trust in God.

FORT HOUSTON.

Farewell to old Fort Houston home,
 To me it is a classic spot ;
 And when and whereso'er I roam
 'Twill never, never be forgot.

A sentinel cedar flings its shade
Where once the fort so proudly stood,
But nothing of the rude stockade
Remains—not e'en a block of wood.

Yet while I stand within these walls,
And look upon yon rising sun,
My memory vividly recalls
The deeds those pioneers have done.

Oh, Texas! when the angry clouds
Of savage war were o'er thee spread,
Thy hills and vales became the shrouds
And pillows of thy mighty dead.

And from the waters of Sabine
To where the Rio Grande flows,
Their graves, as jewels, dot the green,
And poets sing of their repose.

Let rocks be crumbled into dust,
And time these vestiges remove;
But we'll be mindful of our trust,
And faithful to a patriots love.

Oh, Texas! happy are the sons
And daughters of thy genial clime—
Thy mother states are Washington's,
But in thyself thou art sublime.

Thy star ascended by degrees,
Till Montezuma caught its glow,
And spread her banners to the breeze,
But Texas conquered Mexico.

Where now are all the painted hosts,
Of whom a thousand legends tell?
Go ask the military posts,
Within whose range they fought and fell.

The cunning archer's stealthy tread
Is banished from our sunny plains,
And peace has made its downy bed
On battle grounds, and quiet reigns.

Thus we as archers should prepare
To meet the shock of coming strife,
For there is many a secret snare
Along the rugged path of life.

We're marching on through open fields,
Where danger's never out of sight;
But God has tempered all our shields,
If we will only use them right.

Farewell, Fort Houston! may thy bowers
Bloom on through many years to come,
And angels guard the tender flowers
Of John H. Reagan's happy home.

MY MOTHER.

I am thinking of my mother,
And it is a pleasant thought,
For I know we love each other
With a love that can't be bought.

Wealth may scatter pearls of pleasure,
Palaces and castles o'er,
But a mother's love's a treasure,
For the rich and for the poor.

'Tis a pure, unselfish feeling,
And our helplessness derives
Something from it that is healing
To the sorrows of our lives.

Baser metals leave their canker
On the crucible and coal ;
But a mother's love's an anchor
And a comfort to the soul.

Though the genial showers are given,
And the dew drops from above,
There is nothing under heaven
Equal to a mother's love.

QUIET MEDITATION.

Here let me pause, and meditate alone,
Upon the current of life's rapid stream,
Fanned by mild zephyrs from a distant zone,
Conversing with the spirit of my dream.
'Tis midnight ! And the circling hours roll on
Fearless and heedless of the coming day ;
For time, when measured, is by moments gone,
Whose rapid flight we have no power to stay.

TO MY PUPIL.

My bonny friend, you're going to take
A solemn obligation
Upon yourself. O be awake
To every inclination
That sympathy suggests to one
Who makes her life endearing ;
For when a righteous deed is done,
The cause will have a hearing.

The strength of eighteen summers hung
Within a maiden's tresses,
Will give experience a tongue
That baffles and redresses
The wrongs of slander's kindling strife,
No matter how appalling,
And Heaven will reward the wife
Who lives up to her calling.

Be faithful unto all that thou
Hast to thy lover spoken,
And prayerfully, O, test the vow,
That it may not be broken ;
For there are times when fatal darts,
With thorny fingered boldness,
Are winged to our unguarded hearts,
Before we feel their coldness.

Procastination makes us late
In every undertaking,
And yet we might be truly great
By consciously awaking

To those realities which prove—
Alas! when they enslave us—
How little we deserve the love
Of Him who died to save us.

LITTLE KATIE MULLINS.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

Friends are sighing,
Flowers are dying,
And we feel sad recompense;
For behind us,
To remind us,
Death is reaping innocence.

’Twas a little angel given
In the world awhile to roam;
But they took her back to Heaven,
For the earth was not her home!
Thus the germ of every flower
Casts its seeds on waters bright,
Thus the soul’s infinite power
Calls it back to life and light.

When the beauty of the morning
Blushes in the eastern sky,
’Tis the voice of nature warning
Us that we are born to die!
For the lovely day is banished
In the triumph of its reign,

But the little angel vanished
Shall have lived to smile again.

Yes, vitality is burning
In the censer of the soul,
And the form to dust returning,
Only gives itself control ;
For the spirit, disencumbered,
Swiftly wings its way to rest,
Passing worlds and worlds unnumbered,
Seeking Heaven and the blest.

Many precious pearls are growing
In the depths of every zone ;
Many crystal streams are flowing,
And their sources are unknown.
Death with his destructive power
Makes our destiny obscure ;
For he plucks the timid flower
When its growth is premature.

God of Heaven,
Thou hast given
Life to every living thing ;
And we bless thee,
And confess thee
As our everlasting king.

BURIAL.

“Jesus said unto her: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The heavy sod, like bars of lead,
Fell on the coffin of the dead,
And many, weeping, stood
Beside the lonely resting place
Of one whose sweet, endearing face
Expressed that she was good.

Too good to breathe the breath of life
Within a world where sin and strife
Are present everywhere;
And yet 'tis sad to be bereft
Of loved ones, and to be thus left
Beside a vacant chair.

A year has passed, and time has laid
The winter's snow and summer's shade
Her folded hands above;
But, oh! it is a bitter cup,
To see the shrouding folded up
About a form we love.

Our family circles cannot be
Unbroken while mortality
Upon the earth remains;
For like the green herbs of the field,
They must be withered and concealed
From cold December's rains.

THE NEW MADE GRAVE.

The following lines are sacredly dedicated to the memory of Miss Lucie Thompson, who departed this life at Tyler, Texas, July 24, 1870.

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; oh, death, I will be thy plague; oh, grave, I will be thy destruction."

Sorrow shrouds the face of pleasure,
And the funeral pall is spread
O'er a mother's darling treasure,
And we know that she is dead :
Know that we shall never, never
Hear her loving voice again,
'Till we meet to live forever
In a land that knows no pain.

Strike the harp, and let its numbers
With our fervent prayers ascend—
God protect the dreamless slumbers
Of a dear, departed friend.
Be the balm of every sorrow,
Wipe away our falling tears ;
Comfort Alice, comfort Laura—
Be their stay through coming years.

Life is like a lovely morning
Mildly merging into noon ;
But it fades without a warning,
And the evening comes too soon :
Comes with shadows to receive us
As we follow one by one,
And its warning voice will grieve us
'Till the setting of the sun.

O, the bitter, bitter anguish
For the youthful and the brave—
I am weary and I languish,
Kneeling by a new made grave.
Strew our paths with flowers unfading,
From the paradise of God,
While the tree of life is shading
Those who sleep beneath the sod.

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The following lines are intended as a tribute to the memory of J. H. McEachern, former editor of the "Jefferson Democrat:"

'Tis sad to know that gloomy death
Has lifted up his iron hand
To dig thy grave and stop thy breath,
And drag thee from the living land;
But in that spirit world apart,
Where christians are as angels known,
The love of God that filled thy heart
On earth, will keep thee near His throne.

Thy face, on which the bloom of health
Had hung for five and twenty years,
Is buried now with all its wealth
Of smiles, and we are left in tears;
But He who comforts those that weep
Can heal the fountain of our grief,
And make thy death a gentle sleep,
And wake thee to a bright relief.

The tender grass will form a sod
Above the cold and lifeless clay,
That once contained a shrine where God
Was worshipped in a righteous way ;
And though no monument of stone
May rise to mark the precious mound,
The Lord of Heaven knows His own,
And sorrow shall with joy be crowned.

The sailor looks with keener sight
Upon the fast receding shore,
Than at the waters foaming white
His flying vessel's prow before ;
And when the land is lost to view
And naught but sea and sky remain,
He brenthes a sigh and bids adieu
To scenes he ne'er may see again.

And thus the pilgrimage of life
Is like the passage of a ship :
Some weather through the storm and strife,
While others perish on the trip.
It is a voyage that all must make,
But when we reach the farther shore,
O, may our souls in glory wake,
And there remain forevermore.

June, 1874.

THE BELL OF EUCLID LODGE (No 45).

The bell of Euclid Lodge is old,
And yet its voice is unimpaired,
Because its worth outweighs the gold
That keeps the miserly ensnared.

Its iron tongue has learned to speak
The language of the Brotherhood,
And at the close of every week
It rings for some fraternal good.

The grass uncultivated grows
Upon the sunny breast of spring;
The smallest stream unaided flows,
And birds without a teacher sing.

But man created to depend
Must from his God his strength receive:
We think that death is not our friend,
Because its presence makes us grieve.

Ring on, ring on, and fill the air
With music for thy friend and foe;
Thy voice, old bell, is just as clear
As when I heard it years ago.

Ring on, ring on, the mournful-strain
Of melancholy rhapsody
Hast called my fancy back again
To life, and its reality.

And though I sometimes go astray,
As others have before me gone,
I hear thee at the close of day,
And for my waywardness atone

God bless the whole Fraternity
In every lodge, at every place ;
With lives bound up in masonry
They benefit the human race.

Oh, give them of that hidden fire
That lit the zeal of Abraham
Upon the summit of Moriah,
And in their need provide a lamb.

The greatest may become the least,
The first may also be the last ;
But knowledge, coming from the East,
Is sweetest when the veil is passed.

ALICE.

Beautiful and more endearing
Are the words of faithfulness,
Than the cold and formal sneering
Of a thousand worlds like this ;
And if life is but a pension,
Let us labor to improve
That which merits our attention,
And reward it with our love.

Not the heartless approbation
Of a self elated few ;
But a mutual inclination
To discover what is true,
And advise with one another
How to shun what may betide—
She the sister, I the brother,
God our father, truth our guide.

Thus, when life is in its even,
And the shadows softly fall,
We shall feel the joy of Heaven,
And our ears shall hear the call
Of the angels as they guide us,
To a happy home above,
Through the gates that now divide us
From the objects of our love.

Father, mother, sister, brother—
Links of one unbroken chain,
Loving God and one another,
Free from sorrow, death and pain ;
Free from every sad emotion,
Tearless and without a sigh ;
Living on in sweet devotion
That shall never, never die.

LITTLE FANNIE.

I hear her laughing down the street,
And know that she is near,
The patter of whose little feet
Is music to my ear.

She speaks so tenderly and mild,
Is gentle and refined;
And every body loves the child
Because her heart is kind.

The smiles that 'round her lips repose
Are pleasant to be seen:
She is the sweetest little rose
That blooms in Palestine.

When spring dispels the winter's gloom,
And other flowerets blow,
I'll not forget the tender bloom
That blossomed in the snow.

May useful themes her thoughts engage,
And shield her life from care,
'Till silver shreds by honored age
Are braided in her hair.

And when her happy race is run,
And life is at an end,
May little Fannie Robertson
In Heaven find a friend.

LA CISNE.

There's a smiling face in town
And a cheerful heart to-day ;
And a voice that rings like a silver bell
With the Charnwood girls at play.
She's a warbling bird of song,
And she carols with delight
To the softly falling drops of dew,
In the stillness of the night.

CHORUS —Singing, singing, singing on the lawn ;
Happy, happy, happy Sallie Swann.

When the evening shadows sleep
On the flowery breast of May,
She's the sunshine of each loving heart
With the Charnwood girls at play.
When her song is hushed in death,
And her voice is heard no more,
May the glorious angels bear her home
To a bright, immortal shore.

CHORUS.—Dwelling, dwelling, dwelling upon high,
Happy, happy, happy singing in the sky.

THE DYING PRISONER.

Turn back, turn back, relentless foe,
Retire a little space,
And let the Southern breezes blow
Upon your prisoner's face ;

And when you tacitly agree
To lay him in his grave,
Remember that he scorned to be
A Northern conqueror's slave ;
That Mississippi's iron will
Gave purpose to his deed,
And "like a city on a hill"
He wears his laurel meed.

The enterprise may culminate
In glory undefined,
But no one can annihilate
The independent mind ;
For there is still a liberty,
An axiomatic feud,
That supervenes all tyranny
And dwells in thought accrued.
O, when they loose the silver chord
And break the golden bowl,
Lord, God of Sabaoth, reward
Thou the immortal soul.

Sleep on, sleep on, the lake bound soil
That urns thy lifeless clay,
Has been anointed with the oil
Of Southern sympathy ;
And when the twilight softly throws
Her mantle o'er the west,
We'll think of thee in thy repose,
And know thou art at rest.
Long may his memory dwell with us
Whose victory has been won ;
He sleeps in the Necropolis—
His toil on earth is done.

TO FREDDIE.

Beautiful rose, so fresh and gay,
Brief is thy date—fading away ;
As dreams that haunt the soul by night,
Turning the darkness into light,
Which, when the morning comes so fair,
Do vanish with the unseen air.
Thus crimson bloom, so fresh and gay,
Brief is thy date—fading away.

Yet, may the life of her who gave
This present, which I cannot save,
Be spared to dwell in brighter spheres
Beyond this darksome vale of tears ;
Beyond the stars above the earth,
Where souls receive their second birth ;
Where every hope is pure and bright,
And darkness changes into light.

LINES ON VISITING THE GRAVE OF A
FRIEND.

A sad, surviving friend would fain
Have pressed thy dying hand,
And heard thy manly voice again
This side the spirit land ;
But thou hast gone across the stream
Whose waves the living dread,
And yet it seemeth like a dream
To me that thou art dead.

I stand beside thy grave to-day
And breathe a parting vow :
To-morrow I may pass away,
And be as thou art now ;
For roses on the cheek of health
Are only planted there
To hide the more luxuriant wealth
Of sickness and despair.

It makes me shudder when I think
How many careless feet
Are walking on the very brink
Of that unknown retreat ;
For death is waiting for us all,
And, oh ! what precious bloom
Shall be the next to fade and fall
Into the silent tomb.

Perhaps some Dives may return
His body to the earth,
And leave upon his marble urn
His name, and age, and birth.
But what are pyramids of stone
And monuments of dust,
Compared with the eternal throne
Of God, in Whom we trust.

The grass that grows upon the sod
Our lifeless forms above,
Is but a covering sent from God
To show His tender love.
The plowshare and the pruning hook
May pass above my head,
But if my name is in the book
Of life I am not dead.

THE SOLDIER'S REQUEST.

"Oh! bury me not where oblivion's wave
Shall forever roll madly above me,
But lay me to sleep in an old fashioned grave,
By the side of the parents that love me,
And I will be thankful," he said, and expired
With the promise of being protected;
But the enemy came, and the army retired,
And the soldier's request was neglected.
Thus many a heart that is cheerful and gay
May be crushed by an untimely sorrow;
And the man who is foremost in battle to-day
May be food for the vultures to-morrow.

THE RUSK YOUNG MEN*

A BALLAD.

O, the Rusk young men are the Rusk young men
Wherever they are known,
And it makes me sigh as I pass them by
To leave them all alone;
Yet the teachers say we shall not talk,
And perhaps their rules are just,
But in fancy we will take a walk
With the ones we love the best.

When the sun goes down on the quiet town,
The business houses close,

*Set to original music in the key of A major.

And the gents repair to their evening fare
As the dewdrops to the rose.
When the stars are shining on the trees,
And the night has spread its shade
O'er the watchful eyes of the good trustees,
We can have a serenade.

When the band boys come, with the horn and drum,
The compliment is ours,
And a card is thrown, by a hand unknown,
With a sweet bouquet of flowers.
It is not the rules that we defy,
Nor the teachers kind and true;
But to war with love 'neath a moon-lit sky
Is more than we can do.

CHORUS.

For the Rusk young men are the Rusk young men
Wherever they are known,
And it makes me sigh as I pass them by
To leave them all alone.

LEADING THE BLIND.

Shut up within the walls
Of this dark house of clay,
I hear the friendly calls
Of those that 'round me play;
For little children heed
And sympathize with me,
And tenderly they lead
The man that cannot see.

They take me by the hand
And tell me when and where
To place my feet, or stand,
With such devoted care
That I am free to own
This merciful and kind
Protection from the throne
Of Jesus, to the blind.

They tell me that the flowers
Are beautiful and bright,
And that this world of ours
Is full of love and light;
And if their words be true
There is a cloudless shore
Beyond the azure blue
Where blindness is no more.

O, christians, lift your hearts,
And breathe a fervent prayer
For those that fill the marts
Of sadness everywhere;
And tell them of the road,
And how the way to find,
Which leads to that abode
Where there shall be no blind.

LILLIE GAMMAGE.

The Lillie we have loved is dead !
They've crossed her hands upon her breast,
And laid her in an earthen bed :
Somebody's darling is at rest.

She was too frail for skill to save,
And grass will soon be growing o'er
Another fair, young orphan's grave:
Somebody's darling is no more.

We did not see the gloomy hearse,
Nor hear it rolling slowly by;
But whether willing or averse,
Somebody's darling had to die.

She bloomed among us like the flower
Whose beauteous name to her was given;
Then drooped and faded in an hour:
Somebody's darling is in Heaven.

She paled beneath the friendly stars,
And angels wafted her away
To where no shadow ever mars
The sunshine of eternal day.

We'll miss her when we call the choir
Together, but we cannot bring
Her back; for she has gone up higher,
With all the glorified to sing.

And when we've trained our voices here,
And silence reigns instead of song;
Within a more exalted sphere
We hope to join the blood washed throng.

Oh! what a meeting there will be,
And how delightful must it prove
To live through all eternity,
In paradise, with those we love.

A LETTER IN VERSE.

Write me a letter, and give me the news :
Knowledge is better to gain than to lose ;
Write in the twilight of evening, at dusk ;
Write to your friend who is living in Rusk.

Write me a letter, if only to tell
You and your loved ones are happy and well.
Do not forget me because you're away—
Write me a letter without a delay.

Write me a letter, you can if you will,
Write with a pencil, a pen, or a quill ;
I shall be pleased with your verbage and style—
Write me a letter and send me a snile.

Write me a letter and I shall be glad—
Kindness is comfort to those who are sad ;
And as your life is so sunny and bright,
Write me a message of friendship to-night.

Write me a letter, and write it from choice :
Memory has copied the sound of your voice ;
And if another my proxy must be,
I shall imagine you present with me.

Many a breeze has been wafted along
Since we have mingled our voices in song ;
Changes have followed the flight of our years—
Some for our pleasure, and some for our tears.

Life is a volume, each day is a page,
Written in youth to be copied by age ;

And if its leaves could be carefully turned,
Much we've neglected might wisely be learned.

Write me a letter, in prose or in song,
Sign it and seal it, and send it along;
I shall be grateful for what you have penned—
Write, and believe me, as ever, Your Friend.

DESPAIR.

The river of my life is fed
By many bitter streams;
The flowers along its banks are dead,
And all those happy dreams
That expectation held to view,
Have vanished like the spray
That rises from the morning dew
To gild the infant day.

The river of my life is dark,
And deeper grows the gloom—
I cannot see one single spark
To light me to the tomb.
Oh! bring me near the cross of Christ,
And whether rich or poor,
My soul shall never be enticed
To leave it any more.

He ceased, and though his voice was weak,
His earnest prayer was strong;

He seemed to hear the angels speak,
And like a sad, sweet song,
Their words came floating on the air ;
He felt that he was blessed,
And thus in triumph o'er despair
His gratitude expressed.

The river of my life is fed
By crystal drops of dew :
The flowers that yesterday were dead,
To-day have bloomed anew ;
The birds have all returned to sing
Along its sunny banks,
And every living, moving thing
Is eloquent with thanks.

The river of my life is glad,
And love's enhancing charms,
Like little isles with verdure clad,
Lie sleeping in its arms.
The rising sun has kissed away
The clouds that lingered there,
And when he sets the stars will stay
And keep its waters clear.

The leafless trees in winter show
But little signs of life ;
And how is any man to know,
Until the time is rife,
Which one is worthy to remain,
Or which condemn to fall :
The hand that planted may sustain
And cultivate them all.

THE GIRLS OF RUSK.

Written in reply to "The Rusk Young Men," and set to original music in the key of A flat major and F minor, ending with a quartette chorus.

The girls of Rusk are doubly dear,
And while my happy home
Is hallowed by their voices here,
It makes me sad to roam.
They warble with the birds of spring,
And through the summer days
The songs that I have heard them sing
Inspired these humble lays.

CHORUS.

Oh! who would not love them forever
And gladly respond to their call?
In future our pathway may sever,
But we will remember them all.

While autumn casts its leaflets down
To mingle with the dust,
Or winter wears a snowy crown,
Their constancy I'll trust;
For as the memory of the past
With present pleasure blends,
I find that they are, first and last,
The truest, best of friends.

The sky retains its azure hue
The same from year to year,
And if between them and the blue
Of Heaven the clouds appear,
O, may the power that placed them there
Disperse them all again,

And leave their path through life as clear
As sunshine after rain.

My heart is filled with gratitude
That nothing can remove,
'Till every feeling is subdued
That teaches me to love.
And when my day is growing dusk,
Before the stars appear,
I'll bless the lovely girls of Rusk,
And leave them with a tear.

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, we will love them forever
And cheerf'ly respond to their call:
In future our pathway may sever,
But we will remember them all.

WRITTEN TO THE RUSK UNION SUNDAY
SCHOOL.

Our grand old Union Sunday School
For six and twenty years or more
Has stood among us as a pool
Of healing for the rich and poor;
And on the first of every week
The living love of God comes down
To move its waters for the weak,
And bless the people of the town.

'Tis as the shadow of a rock
To pilgrims in a weary land ;
And gives us strength to bear the shock
Of sin, while we united stand.
We lay aside our different creeds,
And meet together as we should,
To learn a lesson from his deeds
Whose life was spent in doing good.

We read the story of the cross,
And talk of Heaven as our home.
The pleasure of this world is dross
Compared with that which is to come ;
And oh ! what mortal tongue can tell
The rapture of that happy band,
Who meet to never say farewell,
In what we call the better land.

Ye who would make your lives sublime,
Be faithful to your sacred trust,
And ever mindful of the time
When ye shall slumber in the dust ;
For death will loose the silver chord
That binds the body to the soul,
And there is promised no reward
To those who bear a broken bowl.

Then let us meet around this fount
Of love, and fill our hearts with grace
Sufficient to approach the mount
Of God, and see the Savior's face.
The ocean of the sky contains
The "nameless yonder" of the blest :
There life o'er death forever reigns,
And there with angels we may rest.

Existence here is but a breath
That wastes itself in temporal strife:
But "Be thou faithful unto death,
And thou shalt have a crown of life."
Oh, sad and weary heart, be still!
And at the closing of thy day
Lie down upon some flowery hill,
And dream thy sorrows all away.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PALESTINE.

DEDICATED TO THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE PALESTINE HIGH
SCHOOL.

When the brightness of the morning
Rises o'er the dewy dell,
And you hear the silver warning
Of the kind professor's bell,
Ringing, ringing, sweetly pealing,
"Come into the common hall;"
And the man of God with feeling
Asks a blessing on you all,

Saying: "Father, help the youthful,
Aid us in our enterprise;
And, above all, make them truthful,
Patient, diligent and wise;"
While you stand with earnest faces,
From the world's indifference free,
Ere you hurry to your places,
Do you ever think of me?

I would willingly, yes gladly,
Have remained the year to come,
For I miss you, oh ! so sadly,
But my duty called me home.
I was with you as a brother,
And you filled my heart with joy
'Till I heard a widowed mother
Sighing for her absent boy.

Life with her is in its even' ;
And until the night descends,
Every effort shall be given
To that first and best of friends.
There is pleasure in the duty
Which we owe to Him above,
And a marvel in the beauty
Of a mother's changeless love.

There is rapture in the feeling
Of a pure and loving heart,
And the kindest words are healing
To the lips from which they start.
There is not a friendly token,
When we live or come to die,
Equal to the gently spoken
Word that brings a sweet reply.

When the spring returns with Flora,
And the winter's at an end,
Tell my gentle reader, Dora,
To be mindful of her friend.
Mention Mammie, Bettie, Anna,
Phenia C. and Katie J.,
Irene T. and Ella Hannah,
Fanny S. and Johnny Day.

Two by two, I hear them coming
Up the stairway in the hall—
Hear their gentle voices humming
Airs familiar to us all;
And I think, as they are singing,
But 'tis better not to know,
That their voices may be ringing
For the last time here below.

Two by two, they take their places,
And I long so much to see;
For I know their bright, young faces
Would be beautiful to me.
Sight affords us many pleasures,
But its absence is defined
By a rayless night that measures
Desolation to the blind.

Two by two I hear them going
Down the stairway in the hall,
And my heart is overflowing
With a tenderness for all;
And I think of *one* in Heaven
Who is free from care and pain:
She retired one sunny even'
Never to return again.

Two by two, they'll take their stations
In the future yet to come,
As their varied inclinations
May suggest to each a home;
But I'll not forget their kindness,
And my gratitude shall prove
That the sorrow of my blindness
Finds a solace in their love.

Two by two, we journey gladly
Through the flowery paths of youth ;
One by one, we leave them sadly—
Life is short, and death's a truth ;
Then let all of us be trying
To repair each others loss,
For beyond the scene of dying
Gleams the glory of the cross.

When the evening scatters roses
'Round the sinking orb of light,
And this lovely earth reposes
Trembling in the lap of night—
'Mid its softly, silvered splendor,
While your happy hearts are free,
And your thoughts are all so tender,
Do you ever think of me ?

There are times when those who love us
Seem unmindful of their trust,
Like the graves that close above us,
And forget to mark our dust.
There are times when all our gladness
Seems to melt away in tears,
But the burden of one's sadness
Lightens with the lapse of years.

Friends are often forced to sever,
And in sorrow dwell apart,
But your names shall live forever
In the sunshine of my heart.
Friends upon life's boisterous ocean,
Friends that hear my last adieu,
Friends of most sincere devotion,
Let your friendship still be true.

MY DARK-EYED GEORGIA FRIEND.

Adieu, my dark-eyed Georgia friend,
My dark-eyed Georgia friend, adieu!
Long may the sunny future bend
Above a heart so kind and true.

When memory gathers up the tears
That gratitude, for sympathy,
Has wept o'er joys of other years,
Sweet stranger, I will think of thee.

The music of a parting word
Is like the melancholy roar
Of ocean, when its depths are stirred
And gently waved against the shore.

The beauty of the human face
Is loveliest when its lineaments
Are brightened by the pearly trace
Of parting tears and innocence.

The pressure of a hand may bring
A smile of joy or sense of pain;
But friends are like the flowers of spring—
We gather them to lose again.

Oh, it is sad to write the phrase
That separates us one by one,
But I'll revere through coming days
The memory of a Georgian.

Yet once again, my Georgia friend,
My dark-eyed Georgia friend, adieu!

Long may the sunny future bend
Above a heart so kind and true.

MORRIS REAGAN.

Oh! Morris Reagan, when I hear
The voices of thy children dear,
It makes me wish that I could see
The Bina that resembles thee;
Or in thy gentle Ida's face
The features of her mother trace.

Alas! 'tis sad to be thus left—
Of father, mother, both bereft—
But like those sweet perennial flowers,
Whose beauty makes this world of ours
More lovely than it else would be,
So are thy children dear to me.

And when this scene of life is o'er,
I trust that on the other shore,
Beyond the river, we shall meet
And walk together through the street,
Upon whose pavements those who tread
Must first be numbered with the dead.

The blind shall there receive their sight;
For in that world "there is no night"—
No graves to dig—no tears to weep—
No folding of the hands to sleep—
No broken hearts, nor sense of pain
To mar the saint's triumphant reign.

A SERENADE.

The lovely girls of Palestine
Engage my thoughts to-night,
While Luna lifts her silver sheen
And laves the world in light.
The weary birds are gone to nest
Beside the dreamy rills;
The winds have rocked the flowers to rest
Upon a thousand hills.

The dew has laid its pearly hand
Upon the farmer's field,
To cool the surface of the land,
And make the harvest yield.
The winding streams that wear and trace
Their channels to the main,
Are sleeping in the soft embrace
Of many a verdant plain.

The golden halo of the day,
So gorgeous and sublime,
Has merged into the pageantry
Of this delightful time;
And though the beauty of the scene
Is marvelous and bright,
I'd rather be in Palestine
With those I love to-night.

The sun may set, and rise, and set—
Long years may pass away,
But where congenial hearts have met
The memory loves to stray.

Good-night, and when the starlets wane,
And purple morning gleams,
Be mindful of the sweet refrain
That came to you in dreams.

THE TWO ROSES.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silvery dew ;
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

—SHELLEY.

She gave me two roses, two beautiful roses,
All blushing and bathed in the brightness of May,
And I know that the language their fragrance dis-
Will not be forgotten for many a day. [closes

There they are on the stand in an old fashioned vase—
My innocent, delicate, beautiful flowers—
Like a smile of contentment upon the bright face
Of a valley, whose verdure lies laughing in showers.

She gave me two roses, the beautiful being
Whose face I have never been able to view ;
But the pleasure of knowing is better than seeing
The kindness of one who is generous and true.

By to-morrow the flowers will be withered and shut,
Like a sensitive plant in a southern land ;
And the fall of each leaf bring a sigh of regret,
For she gave them to me with a sisterly hand.

AN EPISTLE TO PARENTS.

I have written some epistles
With an ordinary pen ;
But I never planted thistles
On the graves of other men.

There is sorrow in defaming,
And I'd rather use my tongue
In persuading and reclaiming,
Than discouraging the young.

Teach your son that he is greener
Than the greenest of the green,
And his heart will soon grow meaner
Than the meanest of the mean.

Tell him he is not respected—
Train him as you'd twirl a toy ;
And you'll have your work reflected
In a good-for-nothing boy.

On the other hand, be gentle ;
Show him how the Bible plan
Forms the physical and mental
Culture of a useful man.

Do not make him self-conceited :
Ask assistance from above ;
For your task is not completed
"Till he learns that "God is love."

Learns his duty to his neighbor,
Helps the poor inter their dead,
And appreciates the labor
That it takes to earn his bread.

O, young men without vocations,
Spurn the prodigal's excuse;
Time improved will win you stations
Honored, by its proper use.

Mother, if you have a daughter,
Teach her things that should be known;
Or she'll write her name in water
When her idle hands are grown.

Have her truly educated,
Then she'll know and understand
Why so many sad, ill-fated
Thousands build upon the sand.

There is much in early training
For the future that's to come;
And a woman, self-sustaining,
Seldom marries for a home.

Marriage is an obligation
That should never end in strife;
But to wed beneath one's station
Will insure a wretched life.

Ignorance and refinement never
Were intended to unite:
Coarser minds corrode the clever—
Baser metals leave their blight.

Once I knew a kind, confiding
Girl, who gave her heart and hand
To a wealthy man, residing
In a far off distant land.

He had told her of his glory,
And the manner of his life;
She believed the polished story,
And became his loving wife.

Some approved, and others prated,
While the more indifferent smiled;
But her parents were elated
At the prospect of their child.

By her innocent devotion,
And his fascinating voice,
She was led to cross the ocean
With the lover of her choice.

As the buoyant vessel glided
O'er the undulating foam,
Every wave its prow divided
Passed between her and her home.

After many days of sailing,
She was landed at a mart
Where she spent her life in wailing;
For desertion broke her heart.

Soon along the cable flying
Back the waste of waters o'er,
Came this message: "I am dying—
Dying on a foreign shore;

"There is no one here to pity,
And I cannot understand
What they say in this strange city—
Meet me in the 'better land.'

"Tell my little sister, Laura,
To remain at home with you;
Pleasure often ends in sorrow,
But I die resigned. Adieu!"

O'er her grave, in English letters,
Carved upon a marble stone,
Are these words: "Behold my fetters,
I was wed and left alone."

She is sleeping, calmly sleeping,
In the elysium of the blest,
And her eyes have ceased from weeping,
And her spirit is at rest.

Never leave your gentle parents
Till you're bettered by the move;
From the virtue of forbearance,
Learn the constancy of love.

DRIFTING AWAY.

She is drifting away from her husband and friends,
And on earth we shall see her no more;
But the star of the cross o'er her pathway ascends
To illumine the opposite shore.

She is drifting away from the sorrow and strife
That her many survivors must bear ;
She is crossing the valley to enter the life
That the angels so happily share.

She is drifting away, like a cloud in the west,
When the sun is declining and red ;
She is breathing her last—she is sinking to rest—
She is speechless—alas, she is dead !

They are folding the hands that were willing to do ;
They are closing the beautiful eyes ;
They will bury a friend that was loving and true,
But they know that the soul never dies.

FALLEN ASLEEP.

He is fallen asleep in the arms of the Lord,
Like a child in the lap of its mother ;
He is gone to inherit the promised reward
Of a christian, a friend and a brother.

In the beautiful days of his pilgrimage here
He was like the Samaritan neighbor ;
In his absence, his memory is left to revere,
And the world is improved by his labor.

In the prime of his life, in the noon of his day,
When the clouds from his zenith were driven,
Like a halo of glory he floated away
To the home of his Father in Heaven.

INTEMPERANCE.

I signed no pledge, but I have sealed
My obligation with a tear ;
And God shall be my strength and shield,
'Till I before His throne appear.

In judgment He will milder be
Than those who persecute me now :
And when they speak reprovingly,
My honor shall protect my vow.

I seek no friendship to engage
From those who with me are at strife,
For I have turned a brighter page
Within the volume of my life.

The past has all been blotted out ;
But God has let the scars remain
To make me mindful of the route
I travelled when I lived in vain.

O, do not touch the tempting bowl,
But dash away the baleful dross ;
It has the power to drag the soul
Beyond the shadow of the cross.

And what can you imagine worse
Than to become the willing slave
Of appetite, and bear the curse
That hangs around the drunkard's grave.

The punishment of Cain was light
Compared with what your own shall be,
If you are banished from the sight
Of Heaven, in eternity.

Then do not drink the social glass
To please the fancy of a friend :
It is an evil—let it pass,
And you'll be better in the end.

The riches of a man can't buy
His body from the sepulchre.
We never get too poor to die,
Nor live too sanctified to err.

O, think of those whose daily bread
Depends upon your own success ;
Or it may soon be sadly said,
He died and left them comfortless.

You take a dram, and never think
How rapidly the habit grows,
'Till second nature learns to drink,
And bosom friends become your foes.

You cannot alienate the hearts
Of others, to reclaim at will ;
And when the tide against you starts,
The world will push you down the hill.

Reform, before it is too late,
Or you may lose your self-control,
And die among the desolate,
Without a pardon for your soul.

And if you had to bear it all,
And justly suffer for the shame,
The helpless would not have to fall
With you, nor wear a drunkard's name.

But when you make your reason reel
By doing what you could prevent,
Your heart becomes too hard to feel
For others who are innocent

You punish those you should protect,
And scorn the guardians of your youth,
Because you lose your self respect,
And will not listen to the truth.

Reprove the wise and they will hear,
And thank you for it 'till they die;
Reprove the foolish and they'll jeer,
And answer with a fool's reply.

I knew a man who married young,
And started out to win a name;
And there was wisdom in his tongue,
And he was on the road to fame.

He clambered up the rocky steep,
But often he was sorely tried;
He toiled while others were asleep,
And kept his partner by his side.

We met again, in after years,
And when I recognized his voice,
He said: "The future has no fears
For those who make a happy choice.

"My life has been a temperate one,
And shall continue so to be,
Until my race on earth is run,
And death has set my spirit free."

O, who will strive to emulate
The good example he has given ?
Reform—there's danger if you wait,
And you may lose the joys of Heaven.

SONG OF THE ODD FELLOWS.

Let us build another altar
Where the old one proudly stood,
To encourage those who falter,
For encouragement is good.
Rocks that others have remanded
To the quarry, may be used,
If we labor double-handed
And our work is not abused.

There are many whose existence
On our charity depends ;
Not for physical assistance,
But for true and faithful friends ;
And as we are only passing
On, as pilgrims to the grave,
Let us strive to be amassing
Something that we all can save.

Many proverbs have been given—
Many sayings go the round ;

But the golden rule of Heaven
Is the best that may be found.
"Do ye also to another
As you'd have him do to you,"
And regard him as a brother
"Till he proves himself untrue.

Life has many bitter crosses,
And they fill our hearts with pain;
But we know that temporal losses
Often bring eternal gain.
There is nothing unrewarded,
And 'tis not for us to say
Who shall find his name recorded
Brightest at the judgment day.

WE KNOW THEE.

We know thee as thou art,
And prize thee for thy worth,
Because thou hast as pure a heart
As ever beat on earth.

We miss thee in our sphere,
As sunshine from the burn;
And tenderly we touch the tear
That wells for thy return.

We miss thee from thy hall,
As some sweet singing bird:
Come back, dear friend, and tell us all
That thou hast seen and heard.

The winter is too cold
For thee to longer roam :
Thou hast a father, growing old,
Who misses thee at home.

And Freddie's heart is sad,
And Laura sighs all day ;
And Mary's song is never glad,
Because thou art away.

Thy brother would rejoice
To look upon thy face ;
And gladly would we hear thy voice
In its accustomed place.

Thy cedars in the grove,
Thy vases and thy flowers,
Recall thy memory, with the love
Of many pleasant hours.

And oft at eventide
We con them o'er and o'er ;
And bless thee for the brightest side
Of life, in days of yore.

Let Weatherford be glad,
And Palo Pinto smile ;
But don't forget that we are sad,
Who miss thee all the while.

And when the day is dusk
Upon the dewy lea,
Be mindful of thy friends at Rusk,
For they remember thee.

The flowers are all at rest,
The stars renew their light,
The moon is sinking in the west—
Good night, sweet friend, good night!

A VETERAN OF THE CROSS.

His natural voice is growing weak,
And when I pass him on the street
It makes me sad to hear him speak,
Because I know he soon shall meet
No longer with the loving hearts
Whose tenderness to him is given :
But when the good old man departs
We'll have another friend in Heaven.

Not burdened with a weight of years,
Nor toiling on in mortal strife ;
But free from sorrow, pain and tears,
And gifted with eternal life.
Thus when I press his wrinkled hand,
And hear the pilgrim speak of home,
I know there is a brighter land,
Where death and parting never come.

His step is feeble, but his mind
Is clearer than a cloudless day ;
And he is willing and resigned.
And ready to be called away.
Oh, what is earth, with all its dross
Of sordid wealth and temporal joy,
Compared with Heaven and the cross
That yields a crown without alloy.

WAITING.

I am waiting for Jimmie to come,
And I know not how long it will be ;
But the angels that wafted him home
May be patiently waiting for me.

In his life he was loving and kind,
And in Heaven methinks he will say :
" I've a brother on earth who is blind,
Send an angel to show him the way."

And the Father will grant his request
For the sake of His son, Who was slain
That the weary might enter the rest
Of the righteous, in glory to reign.

When the beautiful messenger flies
On the wings of the morning to me,
From his radiant home in the skies,
He will bear me, dear brother, to thee.

And the portals behind me will close
As I stand with astonishment dumb,
In the sanctified presence of those
Who are waiting for others to come.

I shall hear the refrain of the choirs,
And be clothed with a garment of white,
While the song of redemption inspires
All my soul with ecstatic delight.

And I'll treasure the tone and the time,
And remember the pitch of the bars

'Till the harmony grand and sublime
Is sustained by a chorus of stars.

Then I'll wander along the bright shores
Of that beautiful river above,
'Till the Savior my vision restores,
And my heart is renewed by His love.

I shall look on the features of those
Who have led me so tenderly here ;
And forget that I ever had foes
Who could smile at the fall of a tear.

Thus, I'm waiting for Jimmie to come,
And I know not how long it will be ;
But the angels that wafted him home
May be patiently waiting for me.

Oh, the riches of heavenly grace—
What an ocean without an alloy !
I shall rise from the icy embrace
Of the grave, to a mansion of joy.

ODE TO MY FIRST MUSIC TEACHER.

Song of other days around me,
Melancholy be thy theme ;
For the happy spell that bound thee
Vanished like a pleasant dream :
Yet each heart receives its portion—
Grief is not unknown to all,
And the silent, sad emotion
Is delightful to recall.

Wisdom, like a mighty ocean,
Flowing from its fountain warm,
Purifies each childish notion
Which in early age we form ;
For experience is given
To the learned and the wise ;
And its origin is Heaven,
And its merit never dies.

Gentle zephyrs o'er me stealing,
Fan the flame within my heart ;
And its light is still revealing
All that's lovely to impart.
Though the world is dark around me,
And my prospects are but few,
Yet thy friendly eye hath found me,
And thy heart hath proved as true.

Memory, like the ivy clinging
'Round the wreck of some rude waste,
Broods where once sweet birds were singing,
But their forms have been misplaced :
Yet thy friendship, freely given,
From a heart so true and kind,
Falls like genial showers from Heaven
In the desert of my mind.

When some other heart confessing
Shall with fervency adore,
Wilt thou make its love a blessing—
Wilt thou love him more and more ?
Yes, thou'lt be to him the treasure
Thou hast ever been to me ;
Thou wilt fill his cup with pleasure,
And in joy remember me.

Deep is every true devotion,
Deep is love when truly found ;
Like the waters of the ocean
Are its depths, and who shall sound ?
Birdling of the North, it grieves me
From thy presence to remain ;
But thy faithfulness relieves me,
And I trust we'll meet again.

THE SWEET MUSICIAN IS NO MORE.

The sweet musician is no more !
His closing cadence has been made ;
And death has flung its dampers o'er
The instruments on which he played.

Oh ! take away the dear guitar,
Whose chords have lost a skillful hand ;
There's rest beyond the double bar,
And music in a brighter land.

His violin and flute may be
By other lips and fingers tried ;
But none shall make the melody
His mother loved, before he died.

His sad piano may remain
Untouched for many months to come ;
But those who die shall live again,
And God has only called him home.

A RAMBLE.

One evening as I mused alone
Between two gently flowing streams,
I heard a melancholy tone
Ascending from the land of dreams.

It said: "Young man, where wander'st thou,
So solitary and so shy?
Go, give thy soul to Heaven now,
For 'tis an awful thing to die."

The winds, the deep-toned echoe's shrine
With requiems awhile did vie,
Still sighing through the distant pine,
"It is an awful thing to die."

I asked the flowers that gently fold
With dew drops from the balmy sky;
And deep and vast their numbers told,
"It is an awful thing to die."

A mantled minstrel with his rod
I asked, as he was passing by.
"To those," said he, "who worship God,
It is a pleasant thing to die."

"Oh, consolation of the blest!"
Exclaimed the minstrel, coming near,
"I know there is an endless rest
For those who have to suffer here."

And since that time I've looked upon
The scene of death with brighter eye;
For when the sands of life are run,
My body, not my soul, shall die.

"But say," impatiently I cried,
"Oh, say, what brought thee to this place?"
He paused awhile, and then replied:
"I am the last of all my race;

"But sit thee down, and I will tell
Thee all the charms of solitude;
And naught save the voluptuous swell
Of nature's music shall intrude."

We sat upon a lonely rock,
Where love heard friendship's earliest vow;
Can time's procrastinating shock
Obliterate those memories now?

Ah! no; for friendship bathed in tears,
Is too immortal and too free
To perish with the lapse of years—
"Twill live e'en in eternity.

"Be calm, for what is past is lost,"
The minstrel said, with tearful eyes.
"We never learn to count the cost
'Till our experience makes us wise.

"The memory of the past may fade,
And fall into obscurity,
But when the final debt is paid
I'll meet thee in thy purity.

“Toil on, and try to make the best
Of what has been revealed to-day ;
And keep within thy youthful breast
The faith that never fades away.”

THE PLACE WHERE ANNA USED TO PLAY.

The place where Anna used to play
Was shaded from the sun,
With only here and there a ray
That through the jessamine
So softly crept, and lightly fell
Upon her and her toys—
She seemed to me a fairy being
And queen of earthly joys.

Her innocent, expressive face
Was lit up by that mild,
Enhancing charm of artless grace
That crowns a lovely child :
And oft returning home at eve,
Before I take my rest,
I pray that she may never grieve,
Nor be in mind distressed.

The vine blooms on from year to year,
The place is little changed ;
But tenderness is in the tear
That starts for the estranged.
Our youth is like a passing cloud—
A shadow on the lawn—
And many a head with age is bowed
Before we know 'tis gone.

BY-GONE HOURS.

Though the scenes of my childhood are fading away,
Like a torch which the darkness has rendered obscure,

Still a glimmering light from the lamp of decay
Sheds a beautiful lustre, fraternal and pure,
O'er the days of the past, and the friends of my youth,
And the foliage shading the fountain so clear,
Where the deep, plaintive strains of unspeakable truth
Were undoubted by all, but such friendship is rare.

Yet the rarest is best, if the wisest be true,
For the honest and humble will never depart ;
And the flowers of friendship will bathe in the dew
They exhale from the fountain of every true heart :
And the sentiment lives when the echo is dead,
Whose varying cadence is sweet to the ear ;
And the face may be known when its beauty has fled,
And the eye may see clear through a penitent tear.

Thus the mind with its mysteries is deep and obscure,
For its homage is paid to the author of light ;
But we know of a tree when its fruit is made pure,
As we point out a star when its lustre is bright.
O, my life, what an ocean ! 'Tis boundless and vast
As the incomprehensible planets that fly ;
And my form is made mortal, with clay to be classed,
But the incarnate essence shall live when I die.

A DREAM.

A dark cloud, in the western horizon,
Obscured the setting of the golden sun,
And silent night her sable curtains spread
Around the living and above the dead.
The air was heavy, and the rumbling sound
Of distant thunder jarred the solid ground.

Much wearied with my journey, and depressed
From loss of sleep, I laid me down to rest
Upon the grass, beside a little stream,
And suddenly there fell a vivid gleam
Of radiant light around me as I lay;
And everything appeared as clear as day.

I saw a solitary mountain pine
Waving with reverence to a tender vine
That flourished in a verdant vale below.
The leafy creeper seemed at once to know
And understand the timely proffered aid
Of that lone tree, and sought its friendly shade.

"Thou art my dear companion," said the pine.
"Yes; until death," replied the wedded vine:
But then the scene assumed a different form—
I saw the lightning, and I heard the storm.
The tree was rooted up and cast aside;
The vine trailed out upon the sand and died.

The solemn scene assumed another form;
And while the tears upon my cheeks were warm,
I looked again, and lo! the fallen pine
Had been replaced; around it hung the vine;
And at its base, upon the dewy sod,
In violet letters, bloomed the name of God.

THE VACANT HOUR.

What is to be will be ;
And though my plans derange,
The future may reveal to me
The wisdom of this change.

I cannot see it now—
I only wish I could ;
And, candidly, I wonder how
'Twill end in any good.

'Tis useless to contend
With many, or with one ;
For I've not lost a single friend
By all that has been done.

My feelings ill accord
With such a novel plan ;
But if I merit the reward,
I'll bear it like a man.

The vacancy has brought
Some sorrow, but it seems
That there is still a kindred thought
To blend the two extremes.

There is no vacant hour
In that bright world above ;
Nor is there any fading flower
To die o'er those we love.

There is no vacant hour :
The lesson has been said,

And memory leaves a golden shower
Of blessings on thy head.

There is no vacant hour,
Nor anything that mars
The songs of that celestial bower,
So fair, among the stars.

There is no vacancy.
An all pervading power
Is mirrored in immensity,
And fills each vacant hour.

The shadow of His wing
Is lightly o'er me laid ;
And I am happiest while I sing
Of joys that never fade.

Our disappointments here
Are given as a test,
To prove us for a higher sphere,
And may be for the best.

For now we darkly see
As through a clouded lens,
But in the bright futurity
We'll know who were our friends.

We are not left to grope
Through life without a guide ;
And faith, the substance of our hope,
Shines on the other side.

How brilliantly it glows
O'er mountain, hill and plain,
To cheer the drooping hearts of those
Who have not lived in vain.

We think of it by day,
And in the silent night;
It points us to the living way
That leads to life and light.

Oh, how can mortals fall
While there is such a power?
'Tis ever present with us all—
Life has no vacant hour.

CHANGE.

The days are passing into weeks,
The weeks are gliding into years,
And there is not a voice that speaks
More palpably to our fears
Than the reality of change.
Oh! are we living unprepared,
Like soldiers in the stormy range
Of batteries, by the foe ensnared?

The words we speak, however light,
Are calculated to increase
The happiness, or cast a blight
Upon the innocence and peace
Of those who never wilfully
Designed that we should suffer aught
To gratify their vanity,
But who can tell the drift of thought?

Who realizes as his own
The feelings of his dearest friend ?
The law that harmonizes tone
Seems too consecutive to blend.
Alas! how sad, and yet how true
It is, that selfishness beclouds
The microscope through which we view
Our neighbors, toiling on for shrouds.

TO MAMIE.

She is only twelve years old—
A woman in her ways,
And merits more than I have told,
Or written in her praise.

She's gentle and refined ;
And what to me appears
As so remarkable, her mind
Is far beyond her years.

She reads with graceful ease,
And modulates her voice
In such a manner as to please
The critical and choice.

She shrinks from vain display,
And studies to acquire
Her knowledge in a modest way,
That shows a pure desire.

Thus, when the head is right,
The heart is sure to be
Congenial to its happy plight,
And both in one agree.

We cultivate the mind,
But if it is not stored
With precepts of a proper kind,
Our wisdom is ignored.

And how are we to know,
Unless it is explained
By those who are prepared to show
How others should be trained.

Too many wish to wait
Until the times improve,
And thousands say they'll educate,
But never make the move.

They do not seem to look
Beyond their present gain;
And think the purchase of a book
Is money spent in vain.

But when they set at large
The families which they raise
In ignorance, they will hear the charge
Of blame, instead of praise.

For who will rise to bless
The negligence of youth,
While there is language to express
Regret, and speak the truth.

Upon the other hand
The wisdom of the wise
Enables them to take their stand,
Where merit wins the prize.

The prestige of a name
Is useful to commend ;
But we must work for what we claim,
Or lose it in the end.

'Tis better far to give
Advantage than to take ;
For by their honest means they live,
Who toil for what they make.

Go, join the studious throng,
In order to avoid
The shadows, ere they grow too long
For youth to be employed.

A reasonable length
Of time is set apart
To give the mind and body strength,
And cultivate the heart.

But if we will not see,
And still refuse to learn,
The golden opportunity
Will pass, and not return

A SERMON IN VERSE.

The following poem was suggested while listening to a sermon recently delivered by Rev. J. W. Johnson, pastor of the Methodist Church at this place. The seventh verse of the LVII. Psalm was read in our hearing as a sweet echo from the harp of Zion's Shepherd King: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise."

My heart is fixed on Thee,
For during all my days
Thy watchful eyes were over me;
And now I'll sing Thy praise.
Take all my idols down
Before they turn to dross,
For I shall never wear a crown
Unless I bear the cross.

My heart is fixed on Thee,
And why should I repine
While life and immortality
Upon my pathway shine?
O! teach me how to prove
My gratitude, with all,
And let me feel Thy earnest love,
And I shall never fall.

My heart is fixed on Thee,
And when the silver chord
Of life is severed, I shall be
Prepared for my reward.
My sorrow may be great,
My persecution sore,
But when I reach that righteous state,
My soul shall sigh no more.

My heart is fixed, O God,
My heart is fixed on Thee ;
And when I sleep beneath the sod,
Thou wilt remember me.
Look downward from Thy throne,
And hear my feeble call :
I have no merit of my own,
" But Christ is all in all."

Ye who have earthly ties
That worldly love endears,
Who bury them with streaming eyes,
And wash their graves in tears,
Look up to God for aid,
And do not put your trust
In things created but to fade
And mock you with their dust.

The vanity of dress
And fashions of the day
Are serving pride to bring distress ;
And argue as we may,
The truth must be
Tho' driven to the post,
The expectation of the proud
Is but an empty boast.

Oh ! Infancy is fair,
And happy childhood sweet ;
But there is many a secret snare
For poor, unguarded feet.
The poverty of purse
May cause our hearts to feel,
But poverty of soul is worse
Than language can reveal.

Our wealth may be regained;
Our fortunes all renewed;
But when a man with crime is stained
His spirit is subdued.
Be watchful, for you know
That evil leads to shame;
The wheat and tares together grow,
But they are not the same.

The thistle's thorny leaves
May wave above the grain;
But God shall bind them into sheaves
And burn them on the plain;
And then He'll gather in
His harvest with a song,
As jewels ransomed from the sin
That we have mourned so long.

There is a better time,
There is a brighter day
Beyond this ever changing clime,
And Christ has led the way.
There we shall be at peace—
O, cheer each other on
'Till angels bring the sweet release,
For life will soon be gone.

Oh! wayward one, return
And seek thy Father's grace,
Before thy vital lamp shall burn
Too dim to see His face.
Oh, sorrowful and sad,
Afflicted and depraved,
Return and make the Heavens glad
For one more spirit saved.

Remember all the prayers
That pious lips have prayed,
To win thee from the wildest snares
The luring world has laid :
And with thyself commune,
And in thy heart repent ;
For often to the brightest noon
The darkest clouds are sent.

Rusk, 1877.

TO AN OLD SCHOOL-MATE.

My dear old school-mate, Robert Jones,
How do you pass your time
Among the tones and semi-tones,
Without a little rhyme ?
How often do you go to spend
Your evenings after tea
With that most prepossessing friend
You introduced to me ?

I never shall forget the few
Delightful moments there ;
Her welcome and her fond adieu
Were fervid as a prayer.
I sent you in, and stood as guard
To wait your own behest ;
She came to meet you in the yard,
And, Rob—you know the rest.

But while I sing of seeing girls,
The memory of the blind

Is like a casket full of pearls
All precious and refined.
In darkness, 'neath the sunny skies,
They feel their night of years ;
But angels view their sightless eyes.
And count their tender tears.

The grain we sow must lie concealed
Within the gloomy earth
Until it gathers strength to yield,
Before we know its worth.
And thus it is with all the blind,
Who earnestly unite
In helping to improve mankind,
As those who have their sight.

We cannot fold our hands to rest,
For there is work to do ;
And labor never shirks the test,
When *merit* makes it true.
Then let us strive with one accord
Our usefulness to prove ;
And we shall reap the great reward
That's promised from above.

The rocks, without the aid of roots,
In solid ledges grow,
And God has taught the browsing brutes
Their proper food to know.
And shall *we* fail to understand,
And thus neglect the power
Of knowledge, at our own command,
Who need it every hour ?

Oh ! no, but rather let us say
We'll stem misfortune's tide,

And if we have to feel our way
We'll find the better side.
And when we reach the haven fair,
This dark and dreary night
Shall melt into the golden glare
Of God's eternal light.

The roses and the lilies bloom
For brighter eyes than ours ;
But we enjoy the sweet perfume
Of all the fragrant flowers.
The beauty of external things
Is not to us unfurled,
Because the angels keep their wings
Between us and the world.

But oh ! the memory of mind,
That most enduring prize,
Is kindly given to the blind,
Instead of seeing eyes.
And though we often have to grope,
And oft our footing miss,
We lose our sorrow in the hope
Of future happiness.

Rusk, February 17, 1878.

OUR PIC-NIC.

Out of the school room and out of the town,
Out from the houses, so sunny and brown ;
Off with a shout, on a frolicsome freak—
Ho ! for the pic-nic at Little Beans creek.

Out of the din and the dust of the streets,
Seeking our pleasure in shady retreats ;
Gone for a day, and perhaps for a week,
Ho! for the pic-nic at Little Beans creek.

Now in a valley, and now on a hill,
Rapidly nearing the rickety mill ;
Calling and causing the echoes to speak—
Ho! for the pic-nic at Little Beans creek.

Harriett and Mary, and Lillie and Bell,
Kate and Viola, and Emma as well,
Tennie and Mollie, and Sallie so true,
Laughing with Linnie and singing with Sue.

Out of the town and away from the noise,
Loving each other and teasing the boys ;
Smiling and innocent, gentle and meek—
Ho! for the pic-nic at Little Beans creek.

And when life's duties have called us away
Far from the happy young hearts of to-day,
When and wherever our pleasure we seek,
Let us be mindful of Little Beans creek.

Father above us, on Thee we depend :
Life is uncertain, and when it shall end,
Gather us home from each valley and peak—
Save the assembly at Little Beans creek.

Broad is the ocean o'er which we must sail,
Weak are our vessels to weather the gale ;
Thousands before us have wrecked on the bar ;
Help us and keep us from drifting too far.

SERENADE.

When the fleecy clouds are drawn around
The golden gate of light,
And sunset's silence reigns profound
Beneath the shades of night ;
Then Luna with her guardian power
And silver rays unfurled,
And amber from the evening hour
Will robe the rayless world.

Then wonder not, though I aspire
Beneath this starry dome
To pause and strike the living lyre,
At midnight, near thy home ;
For moonbeams wander to and fro,
Refulgent and sublime,
Serenading softly as they go
The maids of every clime.

At midnight, when the blue waves roll
Athwart the boundless deep,
And Morpheus wraps each kindred soul
In dreams of balmy sleep,
I'll wander to thy lonely bower,
When stars are shining bright,
And sing, and charm the sacred hour
Of melancholy night.

HE IS GONE.

He is gone to the land of the beautiful dead,
And I love them wherever they sleep;
On a pillow of clay he is resting his head
While his friends and his relatives weep.

He is gone to the land of the beautiful dead,
To the city of silence and rest;
And I look on him now since his spirit has fled,
As an angel eternally blest.

He is gone to the land of the beautiful dead,
Where the prophets and martyrs repose:
Yea, the silver chord broke like a delicate thread,
And he fell as the leaf of a rose.

He is gone to the land of the beautiful dead,
And his absence has left us in tears;
At the foot of the cross they have made him a bed,
And he'll sleep till his Master appears.

Then he'll rise from the land of the beautiful dead,
And ascend to his home in the sky,
To the Fountain of Life, for the Savior hath said,
"He that drinketh thereof shall not die."

SITTING IN DARKNESS.

Sitting in darkness, and sighing for light,
Sorrowing over the loss of my sight.
Sad is the thought and a desolate one—
Feeling its warmth without seeing the sun.
Oh! for the gleam of a star in its place;
Oh! for a glance at one innocent face;
Oh! for a smile or a look that is kind—
Something to gladden the eyes of the blind.

Spring has its verdure, and summer its breath,
Autumn its harvest, and winter its death;
Day has its radiance, night has its gloom,
Life has its pilgrimage, tears and its tomb;
And as we grope to the burial spot,
Savior, O, lead us "by ways we know not"
Down to the gate of the valley of shade—
Down in the dust where our fathers are laid.

Earth has its mountains, and rivers, and seas,
Deserts and caverns, and forests of trees.
Craters of lava and shadowy floods,
Cold as the ice on the Lake of the Woods;
Beautiful rainbows adorning the clouds,
Mornings of freshness and evenings with shrouds,
Dew-drops that shatter the leaves of the rose,
Sunset and twilight, and then the repose.

STANZAS TO——.

Though I sing the sad song of devotion,
And whisper of days that have passed,
Still I feel, with the deepest emotion,
That thou wilt be true to the last :
For the life boat of love is still waiting
Upon the broad ocean of time,
And the zephyrs are softly relating
Their humble devotions in rhyme.

Though the friends of my youth have forsaken,
And doubted the truth of my heart,
Still I feel that I am not mistaken
In thee, for thou wilt not depart.
May the ways of the world not deceive thee,
Nor win thee away from the blest ;
Nor may anything sorrowful grieve thee,
Or cause thee to e'er be distressed.

As the sands of the hour-glass number
The moments of time as they fly,
So the friendship we cherish must slumber,
And wake for a season, then die.
Yet thy angel-like voice shall cheer me
Wherever my lot may be cast ;
And my prayers, tho' another be near thee,
Will kindly revert to the past.

JULIA.

Thou generous maid, within whose breast
No rankling thorn may ever grow,
Long be thy visions ever blest,
Long may thy prospects brightening glow.

Young actress in this world of strife,
Look forward to a future day,
For every breath you breathe is life
Inhaled—but soon to pass away.

Thy life is like the twilight hour,
When nature's balmy dews are shed,
Or like a timid little flower
That blushes on its rosy bed.

Thy generous heart will claim a sigh
From those who seldom shed a tear;
But who can view, with sightless eye,
Though thou wert ever lingering near?

Thy gentle voice, with winning tone,
Can soothe me when I look in vain;
And though in silence still I moan
To see thee, yet I must refrain.

Be thankful for the power of love,
Be generous to a faithful friend,
Be harmless as a living dove,
And none will ever thee offend.

Be persevering and upright,
For time to thee's a talent given,
Which, if improved, will shine more bright
Than stars that gem the lofty heaven.

My youthful friend, remember thou
That vanity is vain and void,
Which constitutes a worldly vow
That is, alas ! too soon destroyed.

Let thy criterion be known
As obvious as wisdom's ways,
For latent smiles are never shown,
And flatt'ring lips make uselesf praise.

Regard the feelings of a friend
As dear as you regard your own ;
For octave should with octave blend,
And harmonize with every tone.

But see, the hour of noon has passed—
My social song must shortly end :
Be persevering to the last,
Regarding wisdom as your friend.

The sun is kneeling from his throne
To nestle on the ocean's breast,
And holy calm from zone to zone
Proclaims the hour of sacred rest.

SONG FROM HOME.

I long to dwell within the grot
That heard my first and childish song,
And feel that I am on the spot
From which I have been absent long.

The little brook that murmured near
The old white hall in which we dwelt,
I still remember with a tear,
And feel for hearts that never felt.

Yon same bright sun is setting now
That rose upon the castle's dome ;
Its lingering rays still kiss the brow
Of one who wanders far from home.

Then string the light guitar again
And sing, for I am doomed to roam—
Touch light the silver chord and strain,
I only know I am from home.

STANZAS TO MINO.

Oh! shall I hear that warbling voice?
Sweet Mino, string thy lute again,
But if it be not of thy choice
To sing, I know thou canst refrain.

To contemplate those by-gone hours,
So free from enmity and strife,
Is but to pluck the timid flowers
Which memory plants in early life.

Sweet Mino, ere the flight of time
Had numbered five and ten for thee,
I journeyed to a distant clime,
And faded from thy memory.

So dies the echo on the blast
Whose sound was soothing to the ear ;
So fades the memory of the past,
Obliterated by a tear.

Yet, shall I hear that warbling voice ?
Sweet Mino, string thy lute again,
But if it be not of thy choice
To sing, I know thou canst refrain.

SALLIE OF SEGUIN.

Fancy woke, while memory lingered,
And I heard thy voice again ;
For the dextrous hand that fingered
Knew the magic of that strain ;
And I thought as I was sleeping
Dreams my vision did restore,
And I saw an angel weeping—
Standing by the open door.

Then a sympathetic quaking
Filled the soft, surrounding air,
And my heavy heart was breaking
With the anguish of despair ;
But the glorious vision faded
Like a gorgeous sunset sky,
And the hope my spirit shaded
Breathed a melancholy sigh.

Oh ! if I could ever only
Hope to share an angel's bliss,
Then my soul would not be lonely
With the cares of worlds like this ;
For immaculate devotion
Has unveiled celestial eyes,
And their tender, deep emotion
Cannot—no, it never dies.

When the tapers have been lighted
In the evening of the day,
And the Psalm has been recited,
And you all kneel down to pray ;
When the family with contrition
Shall have asked most fervently
For a blessing, then petition
For thyself—and think of me.

WRITTEN IN NEW ORLEANS.

The steamer rocks beside the quay,
The furnace fires are burning,
And I shall soon be on my way
Toward my home returning ;
But ere I step with weary feet
Aboard the " Floating Fairy,"
I'll bless the Kate of Julia street,
And pledge a health to Mary.

The gratitude that I express
For sympathy extended,
Is mingled with a consciousness
That I have been befriended ;
And as the oak its age defines
By circles yearly given,
So may our hearts become the shrines
Of friendship worthy Heaven.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Sweet album, on thy spotless page,
And for thy owner's sake, receive
These mem'ries of a by-gone age,
For they are true : read and believe,

The human mind may comprehend
The cause of discord and of strife;
But not the origin, nor end,
Of immortality and life.

If love is only a desire,
Its frailty and simplicity
Will shrink before the matchless ire
Of justice and eternity.

But if, in all sincerity,
The fervent soul on faith relies,
Then love with all its purity
Will bless the noble and the wise.

The cold, indifferent world may scorn,
And future years may yet disclose
To thee the point of many a thorn
That nestles now beneath the rose.

KATIE T——.

As helpless thou didst enter in
To thy existence, weeping here,
So live and keep thy heart from sin,
That those who know and love thee dear
May bless the day that gave thee birth;
And bless thy faithful parents too,
And thank the Lord of heaven and earth
For one so useful and so true.

The sun that shines upon thy head
Is shining on thy father's grave ;
And thus the living and the dead,
Are only parted by a wave
Of radiant light that forms a link
Between the future and the past ;
And soon beyond the shady brink
Of Jordon ye shall meet at last.

Remembering all that thou hast done,
And all that yet remains to be
Accomplished ere thy race is run,
Must form a record true to thee.
O, look at life in every phase,
And always keep your reason bright,
For there are many, many ways,
But only one of these is right.

ACROSTIC.

May all your brightest hopes be realized
In everything you undertake to do,
So that the angels, being well advised,
Shall place your name among the good and true.

Keep near the center of "the narrow way,"
As thorns are growing upon either hand :
Thy life is pure, and like a cloudless day,
Evolving glimpses of "the better land."







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